

DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, September 30, 1914.

VOLUME XLII, No. 17.

GET THE BEST

Lilia Balm
Blood and Stomach Remedy prevents disease, cures Catarrh, Eczema, Appendicitis, Gall Stones, Bright's Disease and all Stomach Troubles.
Price \$1.00 per Bottle
6 Bottles for \$5.00
Address all orders to
Roche-a-Cri Medicine Co
Plainfield, Wis.

Hurt in a Runaway.
Jacob Kissinger of the town of Sigel was quite badly bruised up in a runaway on Sunday. He was driving along the highway when a part of the harness broke, the result being that the horse got loose from the rig, and Mr. Kissinger was dragged along the road for some distance in his effort to stop the horse.
Chas. H. Emery, who was serving a life sentence in the prison at Wau-pun, has been paroled, his parole having been approved by the governor on Tuesday. The Board of Control recommended his parole some time ago.
Miss Kate Hoenesvelt, editor of the Vesper Pioneer and Mrs. Jos. White of Vesper were in the city shopping on Tuesday. This office acknowledges a pleasant call.

Death of Wm. Bade.
William Bade, who for a number of years was located at Rudolph where he was engaged in the hard ware business, died at Stevens Point on Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harry Bowker, where he had made his home for some time past. Mr. Bade was taken sick some time ago with tuberculosis and has since made his home with his daughter. He was 48 years of age and was well known in this city and at Rudolph at which latter place he was in business for a number of years. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning from the Moravian church, Rev. Johnson conducting the services.
Mrs. W. C. McGlynn, who has been visiting in the east during the past five weeks returned home on Monday.

Prof. Bliss Goes to Merrill.
According to the Merrill Herald, Prof. Frank L. Bliss, who has been located at Lake Mills for some time past, has been engaged to take charge of the band at Merrill and will enter upon the discharge of his duties in the near future. There is no question but that the city of Merrill will have a good band under Mr. Bliss's direction.

NIGHT SCHOOL TO OPEN.
Continuation School Will Commence Sessions Next Week.
The Continuation Evening School will open next Monday, Oct. 5, at 7:30. A large number have already arranged to take one or more subjects, and all indications point to a large enrollment. Work will be arranged, just as far as possible, to accommodate the needs of individual students. In some subjects regular classes will be formed, and in others the instruction will be very largely by the individual method.
The only expense to students is the cost of materials and books they use.
Judging from the number of inquiries, the Cooking, Millinery, and Sewing classes will be very popular with the ladies. Naturally, the men and young men seem to be more interested in Mechanical Drawing, Accounting, Salesmanship, Arithmetic and Penmanship. Several young people wish to take Shorthand and Typewriting, and a class will probably be formed to accommodate them. A few wish to have a class in German. A class will be formed, provided there are enough to justify it.
This is the people's school, and is open to those who wish to take advantage of it. Now is the time to make your wishes known, and if anyone desires to take up a subject not mentioned above, let us know, and if possible it will be arranged.
Telephone, call or write for further particulars. Tel. 210. Office in Lincoln Building, E. L. Hayward, Director.

TRAGIC DEATH OF EDWARD C. KETCHUM
Probably the people of Grand Rapids were never more painfully shocked and surprised than they were last Friday afternoon when it became generally known that E. C. Ketchum had lost his life by being crushed beneath his automobile, which had turned over with him on the Sigel road west of the city while on his way home from Pittsville.
The accident happened about noon, Mr. Ketchum and his brother Amsey having left here during the forenoon to go to Pittsville. They were on their way home, and had reached a point on the Sigel road between the city and the old John Wheeler place, and were speeding along at a pretty good rate, when Mr. Ketchum's hat blew off, and as he made a sudden reach for it, or turned his head, the car swerved and an instant after had turned over.
Amsey Ketchum was thrown clear of the car, but his brother was caught and pinned to the ground, he being badly injured about the head and chest. Amsey went to the assistance of his brother at once and with the assistance of H. Sydow who was passing in a rig, the injured man was dragged from beneath the car. About this time Louis Gross came along with his auto, and the injured man was taken on and brought to this city, and then to Riverview Hospital, but nothing could be done for him, as he died either on his way to the hospital or soon after arriving there.
The place where Mr. Ketchum met his death was a perfectly level stretch of road, wide and smooth, and although there were ditches alongside, the car did not go into the ditch. It was apparent to those who looked over the place that the accident had been caused by turning the steering wheel too suddenly while traveling at a high rate of speed. The car was not damaged to any great extent, the wind shield being broken, one of the lamps smashed, and the right forward fender slightly bent out of shape, while the top was bent to some extent.
There was probably no man in Grand Rapids who would have been missed more than Mr. Ketchum. He was one of the old residents here, and was liked by everybody who knew him. He had been engaged in the ice and coal business for years and wherever he made an acquaintance he made a friend. He is a man 50 years of age and is survived by his widow and two children.
Mr. Ketchum was born in Sussex county, New Jersey, on the 21st day of September, 1854. He came to Grand Rapids with his mother and the rest of the family in 1855, and has since lived here. He grew to manhood here and was educated in the public schools. When a young man he worked at house moving and the ice business for W. H. Brown, and afterward bought that gentleman out, and has since been in the business himself.
Mr. Ketchum was first married about twenty years ago to Miss Carrie Morrill, who died about three years later, and nine years ago he was married to Miss Minnie Rustow, with whom he has two surviving children.
The funeral was held on Monday afternoon from the Congregational church in this city, the services being conducted by Rev. R. J. Locke. The large number of people that followed the remains to their last resting place was an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by all.

THE CRANBERRY SITUATION
Crop in Wisconsin Has Been Harvested Now Without Mishap.
Pretty much all of the cranberry crop in this section has been harvested at the present time, and the few that are left will probably be got in without any trouble. The crop in Wisconsin will amount to about 30,000 barrels, which is an average crop. The quality of the berries is said to be the best class this year.
The cranberry crop both on Cape Cod and New Jersey is unusually large this year and the market has been opened 50 cents lower than usual, namely at \$4.50. Cranberry men say that it would be possible to market the entire crop this season without trouble were it not for the artificial conditions that have been brought about by the war.
While it was not customary to export cranberries to any extent, many other fruits were sent out of the country that will now stay at home, and these will come in competition with the cranberry. Another thing is the fact that sugar is unusually high, which has a tendency to cut down the consumption of cranberries. With these conditions in mind it is expected that prices will be a trifle lower this year than usual.

WOOD CO. EXHIBIT IN SEVENTH PLACE
The exhibit that Wood county made at the Milwaukee state fair was a very creditable one and reflects much credit upon the committee that had the matter in charge. While it may not have been the best in the lot the fact that it came in seventh would indicate that we are well up in the front rank of the counties of the state, and consequently have nothing to feel ashamed of.
While it has become customary to make fun of almost anything in the shape of an agricultural show, still any man who has resided in Wisconsin for any number of years cannot help but be impressed with the wonderful strides that the state has made in its agricultural development.
It was not many years ago when Wisconsin was considered a pretty good state from a lumbering standpoint, but that after the timber was cut off it would go backward and probably revert to a wilderness. This, instead of proving true, has worked out just the opposite, and Wisconsin never knew what prosperity was until her agricultural resources began to be developed.
The exhibit at Milwaukee contained almost everything that it is possible to collect from an agricultural community, and there were many fine specimens among the lot that were put together in a manner that made a very artistic and creditable exhibit.
In speaking of the Wood county exhibit the Wisconsin Farmer has the following to say:
"Wood county is the home of a very large number of cheese factories, and also of most of the largest cranberry marshes of the state. The cranberry crop in the Gaynor, Arpin and Searls marshes this year is reported very good. The farmers of this county have been putting up a large number of big barns this year and are studying how to farm to the best advantage. The county agricultural school starts a four-year course this fall for the first time. Among those from Wood county who assisted in acquiring state fair crowds with booster information were G. Kolsta and Louis Rustad of Lincoln; Geo. T. Rowland and O. J. Lee, of Grand Rapids. An excellent showing of celery was made. This was raised near Grand Rapids."
It might be stated that the celery mentioned above was raised by James Gibson and Arthur Rintelman of this city, both of whom have met with unusual success in growing the vegetable.
The Wisconsin Agriculturist also made a mention of the exhibit as follows:
"Wood County made a strong general exhibit, demonstrating its ability to grow the finest kinds of field crops, including potatoes. The men in charge were: G. T. Rowland, Grand Rapids; O. J. Lee, Grand Rapids; L. A. Coffee, Pittsville; Louis Rustad, Marshfield; G. Kolsta, Milladore."
There is no question but what these exhibits do much toward advertising a county, as there are a large number of people attend the fair from the southern part of the state, many of whom are looking for a place to invest money in agricultural land where it can be obtained cheaply, and they cannot help but be impressed with those counties that make good showing.

SPECIAL VALUE OFFERINGS

For Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1, 2, 3, at Zimmerman's, the New 5c, 10c and 25c Store

- Self Basting Roaster - 10c
These are the full size smooth finished sheet steel Roasters which sell regularly at 30c to 50c each. Bakes top and bottom same time and does not require any attention while roasting.
- Shinola Shoe Polish - 5c
The standard Shoe Polish and the best made. Sold everywhere at 10c per package. Our special price saves you one half.
- Japanned Coal Hods - 5c
On Sale Saturday Only—Regular size pressed steel Coal Buckets, with strong handle, nicely finished in black Japan. Regular 20c to 25c value at 5c each. Now is the time to buy Coal Buckets.
- School Tablets - 2 for 5c
A large assortment of five cent tablets containing from 200 to 250 pages each. The biggest values in school tablets ever offered in the city.

FREE - CUP AND SAUCER OR DINNER PLATE - FREE

To every purchaser of one-half pound of Zimmerman's Uncolored Japan or Gunpowder Tea at 15c the half pound, our regular price, we will give free, Thursday, Friday and Saturday only, your choice of a full size beautiful white and gold china cup and saucer or dinner plate, (see window display.) This is a special offer made only for the purpose of quickly introducing Zimmerman's Teas, which are equal if not superior to any forty cent tea in the city. Zimmerman's Teas will be sold regularly for 15c per half pound, but Thursday, Friday and Saturday you get double value for your money.
DON'T MISS THIS SALE, and come as early as possible, as our stock of these articles is limited.

ZIMMERMAN'S
"The Store That Saves You Money" Near Witter Hotel, Grand Rapids, Wis.

SPECIAL FALL SHOWING

Ladies' and Misses' Coats & Millinery

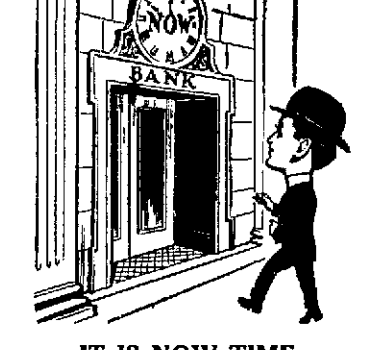
COHEN BROS. Department Store

You Cannot Make a Mistake if You Select Your Fall Hat or Coat Here
Our line of Ladies' and Misses' Fall Coats is the finest assortment that ever entered the Cohen Bros. store and at prices that should make them sell like hot cakes. We buy in such enormous quantities for our various stores and therefore get special prices and you reap the benefit.
All Coats are Up-to-the-Minute Creations—made up of Kersey, Imported Cheviot, heavy Fancy Plaids, Boucle, Plush, Arabian and Ural Lamb, Etc.
War on High Prices is our slogan in the Ready-to-Wear Dept. Prices Range from \$1.75 to \$22.00

Ladies' Fall Millinery

We take special pride in offering high-grade Millinery at the lowest prices in the city. Here you will find the choicest creations, biggest values and the best workmanship.
We have all the new trimmings in all the new fall shades and shapes—The small, large and medium size hats are all good, this fall, soft crowns are a prominent feature. Our displays of Millinery were never more interesting and attractive, and the variety of designs in hats of all kinds is unlimited. Our prices range from \$1.00 to \$15.00

Remember No War Prices Here
COHEN BROS. Dept. Store,
"The Store That Saves You Money."



IT IS NOW TIME
you were thinking of laying aside something for a rainy day or for a fund to give you a start in life. Commence saving today by opening an account with this bank, thus putting your cash out of the way of easy temptation and making it earn something for you at the same time.

First National Bank, Grand Rapids, Wis.
savings deposits made on or before Monday, Oct. 12, will draw interest from Oct. 1.

Eau Claire DOCTOR COMING
Dr. Jurden, Specialist, of the Jurden Institute
Dr. W. E. Jurden
The Successful Specialist
Will be in Grand Rapids at the Commercial Hotel, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Oct. 3-4-5. Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m.

THE SICK

Dr. Jurden cures Nervous and Chronic Diseases of Men, Women and Children, and offers to all that will call on that day, date and during the hours given above, consultation, examination, advice FREE OF CHARGE.
HE GIVES FREE consultation, for he positively refuses a compensation from an incurable case.
Dr. Jurden is one of the best known, longest established, absolutely reliable and successful specialists in the state; an expert in the treatment of all chronic diseases and will cure you, whatever your ailment, in a way that will astonish you.
Physician and surgeon 25 years in special hospital and private practice.
Many wonderful cures in diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, lungs, nerves and rheumatism, gall stones, gravel, appendicitis, fistula, piles and other rectal diseases, catarrh of the throat, bladder, etc.; constitutional catarrh treated far in advance of any institution in the country. Nervous debility, falling memory, over-work, early consumption, sore eyes, eye and ear diseases, deafness, blood and skin diseases, pimples, spots, tetter, ulcers, eczema, scrofula, tumors, cancer where the roots do not extend to vital parts, gonorrea, swellings of the neck, hidden enlargements, tape worms, diabetes, dropsy, fits, varicose veins, enlarged glands, tissue waste, catarrhal discharges, drains, obstructions, weakness and serious internal diseases that baffle the skill of many physicians.
No Matter What Your Ailment, no matter who has failed to help you, or what others have told you, get the advice of this skillful specialist, there is hazard in delay, curable cases of today become the incurables of tomorrow, there are many wrecks on the rocks of error and neglect, this specialist can and will cure you.
Young and Old Men Nervous Discouraged Weak Women
If you are unfitted for business, study or incapacitated for the active duties, pleasures and obligations of life, if you feel that you are not the Man or Woman you should be, suffering with any ailment, weakness or disease, perhaps conscious of some undermining, debilitating cause; or feel that your nervous system is giving way, from the derangement and disorganization of important organs and nerves, consult this specialist. Dr. Jurden makes regular visits to many cities. He owns his Medical Institute Building and Dispensary in the City of Eau Claire. Address W. E. Jurden, M. D., 1529 South Farwell St., Eau Claire, Wis.

Livery Stable Sold.
John Wehr has sold his livery stable building the past week to H. D. Mintz, the Hancock horse dealer. This property is located on Third Ave. N., and is at present occupied by Jockey Johnson as a sales and livery stable. It is understood that Mr. Mintz will make some improvements on the place and conduct a sales stable.

Don't Forget Your Feet.
—If sore, tired or sweaty with a strong disagreeable odor, Barker's Antiseptic will knock it in 15 seconds. For sale by Sam Church, Johnson & Hill Co. and Edw. M. Coyle.

Ten Days in Jail.
Albert Dubbs drew a ten day sentence in the county jail in Judge Poinville's court on Tuesday, having been drunk. Dubbs felt quite a pitiful rule in court concerning his reasons for indulging in the flowing bowl but the judge made it the usual thing.

Julien Hotel Sold.
The Julien Hotel property has been purchased during the past week by P. H. Kemp of Janesville, who will operate the place. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, who formerly owned the hotel will continue to make their home in this city.

Ex-Mayor Seidel to Speak.
Emil Seidel, ex-mayor of Milwaukee and one of the best socialist orators before the public today will speak at Duly's Opera House on Friday, Oct. 9th.

Secured the Contract.
The Weinberg Construction Co. have been awarded the contract to build the new wholesale grocery house at Marshfield for C. E. Blodgett.

—International Sugar Feed Co.'s Special Dairy Feed, recommended by all dairymen who have given it a good test. \$25.00 per ton. Try a sack and be convinced. Johnson & Hill Co., Feed Department.

Saloon Robbed at Babcock.

The James McGlynn saloon at Babcock was robbed of \$280.00 on Wednesday last, and the officers of the law have since been on the trail of a man named Stachowiak, who is thought to have been the one who got away with the cash. The man was working about Babcock, and the day after the robbery was seen at Stevens Point in 1913, but sentence was suspended on him at that time provided he would leave the city, which he did.
LATER:—Stachowiak was arrested in Milwaukee on Saturday by the authorities who had been notified of the fact that he was expected to head for that city, having a sister living there. On Monday he was taken before Judge Poinville where he was bound over to the circuit court to await trial.

Teachers' Association Meeting.
The second annual meeting of the Central Wisconsin Teachers' Association will be held at Merrill on Friday and Saturday, October 23 and 24.
The program for the event has not been completed as yet, but among the speakers that have promised to lead their assistance are some of the best in this part of the state, and it is expected that the meetings will be both entertaining and instructive.
Prof. M. H. Jackson, principal of the Wood County Training school of this city is one of the executive committee. It is expected that the entire program can be given before the dates of the meeting.

A Small Fire.
Fire was discovered in the board walk back of the postoffice on Monday noon, and an alarm brought out both fire companies. Two streams of water were soon in operation and it was not long before the flames were extinguished. It is not known how the fire originated, but it supposed to have been somebody dropping a lighted cigar, or something of the sort. As it was the damage was only slight, and was confined to the outside of the building.

Arrested For Abusive Language.
Mike McDonald was arrested at Marshfield on Wednesday and brought to this city and on Thursday was arraigned before Judge Poinville on a charge of using abusive and obscene language, the complaining witness being Mrs. Annie Gritzmacher. McDonald plead not guilty to the charge and adjournment was taken for one week, bail being fixed at \$100.

—Lilia Balm.

Farm Sells For \$150 Per Acre.

Peter Krause on Monday sold his forty acre farm in the town of Sigel to Louis Podratz. This farm is better known as the Frank Kobza place. It is one of the best forty acre farms in this vicinity, the land being in a high state of cultivation and the buildings of the best. The consideration was \$6,000 including all stock and personal property. The deal was made by Louis Gross. Mr. and Mrs. Krause will probably move to this city to reside.

Small Crowd Out.
Not a very large crowd attended the production of "45 Minutes From Broadway" at Daly's Theater on Monday evening, and the show was not as good a one as some that have been produced here.

Fuel Problem Made Easy!
By a new process common kerosene is generated into gas and mixed with air in proper proportions producing a pure Hydro-Carbon gas giving a clean fire of intense heat and a flame similar to natural gas, but without the disagreeable odor.
Absolutely safe because in the process of refining crude oil all the explosives, such as gasoline, benzene and naphtha, are separated, leaving a low grade oil which is absolutely Non-Explosive.
No smoke, dirt or odor in the room, no coal to carry in, no ashes to carry out, no soot to soil the furnishings of your kitchen and adjoining rooms, no kindling to cut, no fires to build an dmakes home modern.
Now being demonstrated at the

Old Johnson & Hill Co. Grocery Store

West Side

Another Advantage in Having a Savings Account
is the increased energy put into your work. Once you begin to save part of your earnings and have something to show for your labor, you go at your work with increased vim and greater determination.
The small amount added each pay-day to the balance in your bank book soon becomes a sum worth while and something to work for. Besides the additional interest shown in your work brings promotion and advancement.

Wood County National Bank

Grand Rapids, Wis.
Capital and Surplus \$200,000.00

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, September 30, 1914.

Roche-a-Cri Medicine Co
Plainfield, Wis.

Mrs. W. C. McGlynn, who has been visiting in the east during the past five weeks returned home on Monday.

"The Store That Saves You Money" Near Witter Hotel, Grand Rapids, Wis.

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—International Sugar Feed Co.'s Special Dairy Feed, recommended by all dairymen who have given it a good test. \$25.00 per ton. Try a sack and be convinced. Johnson & Hill Co., Feed Department.

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—Lilia Balm.

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1914 STATE FAIR PROVES SUCCESS

TOTAL ATTENDANCE FOR WEEK
IS 4,609 MORE THAN
LAST YEAR.

LAY PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR

Will Petition Next Legislature to Appropriate \$100,000 a Year for Ten Years for Improvement of Grounds and Buildings.

FAIR ATTENDANCE RECORD.

	1914	1913	1912
Monday	12,263	11,461	5,674
Tuesday	21,246	21,561	26,192
Wednesday	29,364	32,521	54,354
Thursday	28,744	36,110	15,196
Friday	25,007	24,677	7,558
Totals	116,624	112,015	108,974

Milwaukee.—Four thousand six hundred and nine more persons attended the fair this year than last, according to the attendance total for the week. Because of bigger proceeds and less expense to provide a really better exposition than in 1913, fair officials are well satisfied. Sentiments expressed by board members and superintendents were all to the effect that the 1914 fair has lived up to its widely heralded promise of being the biggest, most successful exposition in Badger state annals.

Already the fair board has begun planning for an event next year that will be even better than the exposition just over. State aid for the Wisconsin state fair with an accompanying appropriation of \$100,000 a year for ten years for the improvement of grounds and buildings will be asked of the next legislature.

A committee of three, consisting of C. D. Brenack, Sawyer county; Fred Coon, Oneida county, and George Rowland, Wood county, was appointed to present a bill to this effect and do their utmost to secure its passage.

The committee was also instructed to appear before the state fair board and procure, if possible, freedom for the county building from "fakery" concessions. They will also ask for certain changes in the system of accounting credits for county displays.

It was further recommended that the space used by the various counties at this exposition be allotted upon application to the same counties next year. J. D. Christie, Marathon county, was chairman of the meeting and F. G. Swoboda, Antigo, secretary.

"Booster organizations ought to be started in every county," said A. H. Wilkinson, Dayfield. "A 'go-to-the-fair' club should be started in every county in the state and everything done to get the people interested. Start them once and they will get the habit."

ARREST MURDER SUSPECT

Wanted in Hancock, Mich., as Slayer of Mine Boss in Attempted Holdup.

Janesville.—Dominic La Carica, alleged Italian blacklander, wanted in Hancock, Mich., for the murder of a mine boss, was captured here by Chief of Police P. D. Champion. La Carica is alleged to have killed a mine foreman named Coleman, in the attempted holdup of a road house near Babcock. He was captured, but escaped, and in a pistol battle with the police, kept his freedom. He was about to leave Janesville for Chicago when arrested.

Arm Cocks With Food.

Earle River.—Striking his head against the rim of a huge iron kettle in which he was cooking stock food, Joseph Stephanski, a Nelson Lake farmer, lay unconscious until found. One arm hung over the edge of the kettle some time in the cooking mass, and may have to be amputated. One of his legs rested on the coals and was so badly burned that it may also have to be amputated if he lives.

War Ties Up Big Estate.

La Crosse.—Frank Kleinert, a La Crosse business man, is seriously affected by the European war. The estate of his family in Germany, valued at \$50,000, was about to be disposed of at the close of a lawsuit, when the war broke out. Court suspended before the suit was settled.

Prominent Man Dies.

Dodgeville.—The Rev. J. Thomas Pryor, Jr., grand chaplain of the Grand Lodge F. and A. M. of Wisconsin, died at his residence here at the age of 75 years. He was a member of Dodgeville Lodge No. 119, Dodgeville Chapter R. R. M. No. 82, and Mineral Point Commandery No. 12.

Bridge Tender Breaks Neck.

Kaukauna.—Joseph Schwendemann, tender of the Northwestern railroad bridge across the river below the second lock, fell from the abutment at the west end of the bridge and broke his neck, dying instantly.

Will Rebuild Sawmill.

Iron River.—The big sawmill which was burned last summer is to be rebuilt and the owners who had planned to finish their lumber elsewhere will now do so here.

Lay I. O. O. F. Cornerstone.

Rice Lake.—The corner stone of the handsome new I. O. O. F. temple, now under construction here, was laid with elaborate ceremony, members of the local lodges and several state lodge officers participating.

Reedsburg Farmer Missing.

Portage.—The police here are searching for B. D. Woods, a Sauk county farmer, who has been missing from his home in Reedsburg for several days.

Believe Steamer Wrecked.

Superior.—Several thousand feet of lumber washed ashore on the point which forms a natural breakwater for this harbor has given rise to the belief that a steamer has sunk. No storm or any violence has occurred and no boat is reported missing.

Accepts Racine Call.

Whitewater.—The Rev. C. F. Spray, who has been pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church for four years, has accepted a call to Racine.

SECOND CHOICE LAW

STATUTE APPLIES TO ELECTION OF U. S. SENATOR.

Attorney General in Opinion to District Attorney Shows How Ballots May Be Arranged Legally.

Madison.—The attorney general has advised District Attorney Charles A. Taylor of Barron that the ballot for the November election should be arranged as to give the electors a chance to express their first and second choice for candidates for United States senator. The attorney general stated this could be accomplished easily by placing after the names of the respective nominees for United States senator two squares instead of one, marking one "first choice" and the other "second choice."

The attorney general said electors who desire to vote a straight party ticket except in case of United States senator could place a cross in a circle over his party ticket and then put a cross in the second place square after the candidate for whom he desired to cast his second choice vote.

The section of the statute to which the attorney general referred to is as follows: "Sec. 94w—1. I—A senator in the congress of the United States shall be chosen at the general election in the year 1914 and every six years thereafter and also in the year 1916 and every six years thereafter."

"2.—The names of all persons nominated for the office of United States senator shall be printed on the ballot provided in subsection 1, of section 38 in substantially the manner and form indicated in the annexed form A, provided in subdivision A, of subdivision 17 of section 28, so that each elector may designate on such ballot the name of his first choice, also the name of his second choice for the said office of United States senator and such ballot shall be marked in the manner prescribed in subsection 8, of section 11-12."

"3.—The rules and procedure of canvassing first and second choice votes cast for the office of United States senator at any general election shall be the same as the rules and procedure prescribed in section 11-17 and in (1913 c. 634)."

It was said in the attorney general's office this section of the election law generally implied a voter might pick the nominee of any party he chose for his first choice vote and then vote any other nominee as his second choice, for the position of United States senator.

JUDGE N. S. GILSON EXPIRES

Presided in Circuit Court Eighteen Years and Chairman of Tax Commission Until 1911.

Fond du Lac.—Judge Norman S. Gilson, aged 75, former chairman of the state tax commission, died at his home from heart trouble.

At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted as a private, and was finally made a lieutenant colonel. As a member of the staff of Gen. Davidson he was made judge advocate of Natchez, and in 1855 and 1856 he was judge advocate of the department of Mississippi.

He was elected city attorney in 1874, district attorney in 1877, circuit judge in 1880 and re-elected in 1886 and 1892. In 1890 he was appointed a member of the state tax commission by Gov. Schofield and was chairman of that body until his resignation in 1911.

Game Warden Prosecuted.

Madison.—It is the duty of the deputy game warden to appear and prosecute all criminal action brought under his jurisdiction for violation of the fish and game laws and it is not necessary for him to have an attorney, although the law requires that when called upon to do so, the district attorney of the county in which the prosecution is brought, shall appear for the state. So is the opinion of Atty-Gen. Owen to Dist. Atty. James Kirwan of Calumet county.

May Enforce 1854 Treaty.

Superior.—The Indian treaty of 1854 prohibiting the sale of liquor in a large specified territory of which Superior is a part, will be enforced by the Indians themselves, according to a statement of Charles Drew, one of the Indians most active in the fight opposing the removal of the Indian graveyard. An attorney from Eau Claire has been retained to fight the case.

Orders Mother's Pension Aid.

Superior.—The first "mother's pension" to be allowed in Douglas county under a state law passed three years ago, has just been ordered paid by Judge Charles Smith, in Juvenile court. Mrs. Kate Palczak, whose husband was killed some months ago, is the beneficiary and will receive \$20 a month.

To Sell Bonds Over Counter.

Superior.—Receiving no bids for a \$25,000 issue of sewer bonds the city will offer them for sale "over the counter" to citizens. The rate of interest is 5 per cent, high enough, it was thought, to attract a flood of bids.

Approves New Bank.

Madison.—The state bank commissioner has approved the articles of incorporation of the State Bank of Glenfield, Rusk county. The bank has a capital stock of \$10,000.

Build Large Dry Kiln.

Washburn.—An immense dry kiln, one of the largest in this section, is under construction for a local box and crate factory, making it possible to turn out finished boxes from logs with all the work done here.

Kidnap Freshman President.

Appleton.—Paul Vincent of Warren, president of the Lawrence freshman class, was kidnapped in the initial class scrap of the season between the sophomores and freshmen.

Parcel Post News Issued.

Marquette.—The first edition of the Parcel Post News, having for its purpose reduction of the cost of living by means of an extension of the use of the federal mails, will appear early in October.

Collect \$1,260 Tag Day.

Superior.—One thousand two hundred and sixty dollars was collected by a force of 225 "tag day" workers for the benefit of the Superior Children's Home and Refuge association.

FLIGHT OF A SPIRIT

By MILDRED C. GOODRIDGE.

Roscoe Phail was dead. There was no repulsion, dread or lamented loss of identity—present with him, as in the same room where his white coat looked up from the gath-lined cabinet he was conscious only of being a spiritual entity, nothing more. A part of a ray of light, of a current of air, of a nameless essence, lacking form and substance, still did he possess the full comprehending sense. Pain was gone, desire, speculation—he was simply passive and content. He viewed the group in the room clearly, he took in their spoken words.

"He was a good man," said one of his oldest friends. "A patient unselfish person to the last," appended a physician. "Soulful always, charitable and above all grateful," added the clergyman. "They tell me he was once a dispirited man, leading to a painful sickness for years. He came out of the ordeal a changed chastened being. In his gratitude for life, he vowed to devote it to others. Nobly has he kept his pledge."

And then the low voiced throng began to recede many and many incidents of little and great deeds that the philanthropist had done for the good of humanity.

Roscoe Phail took the recitals in as one would listen casually to a moderately interesting story. He was not conscious of self-glorification, of the deserving reward for well doing. Finally the lawyer said:

"Strange, but the day Mr. Phail died I received a letter from a far distant place. It seems that about ten years ago Mr. Phail put on his feet a worthless inebriate named Morton Ross. The letter is from a relative of that person now dead, telling how Ross reformed and how that incident has led to a great result to humanity."

Morton Ross? Why, Phail had forgotten the incident years ago. Even now it appeared to him as quite commonplace among what he considered greater acts of thoughtfulness and charity in his career.

Ah! He did not know—did not know that the deed he did that day



Arrayed in a Plain Dress Was a Young Girl.

in the long past for one Morton Ross, was destined to shine and bring forth glorious fruit for aye!

With the removal of his mortal part the next day, the spirit of Roscoe Phail seemed to float from the old environment. It was a flight to the stars, a grope beneath vast ocean depths, now in the holy silence of some dense African forest never invaded by the foot of man, again on the mountain tops of some lofty Himalaya range; unhampered, time, space, distance annihilated, his ego wandered. In the great broad sense of divinity the world lay before him a mere midge of the universe. Cities were as an hills, events, human life, and then, the newness of illimitable omnipresence wearing away, a great longing came to him. Material things were as nothing now, not even love. The spirit seemed to crave for some high pure ideal where the soul could be fed and satisfied. There came a keen mental analysis. What had been his earthly life's greatest boon? And, thinking of the goodness of heaven, the strong contrast of his latter life, purified as by fire, his answer was speedy—"Joy."

So it came to his soul that as one man might have the predominating spirit of peace, another of hope, another of faith, with him full souled joy had wrought out a blessed measure of existence. "Dear old world," his creed had run, "I love everybody!" and he had lived out the sentiment.

Joy, an essence, an inspiration, an expression of gratification—it was as much an entity, as sunshine, or the perfume of flowers, as the pure influence of music. All found abiding places in some souls craving the quest. Where could joy discover a sure dwelling place?

In the palace of kings where power and luxury prevailed the seeking spirit sought a home. Alas! power was fleeting, wealth a canker. In lower social grades there were only selfish desires, vanity, duplicity. There were peaceful and striving hearts aflame with the zeal of religious fervor. It was true, but these already had their meet quest.

At the end of a week of wandering the ego of Roscoe Phail hovered over an isolated island amid a dismal ocean solitude. At one end was a cluster of small but pleasantly enervated huts. Directly within his view where a patch of glowing greenery showed, arrayed in a plain coarse dress was a young girl.

Air Hardens Steel. Steel hardening by a spray of compressed air is the plan adopted for certain special work in a German establishment. For hardening only in parts—such as the surface of rails and points for sidings—the local quenching in oil or water sets up dangerous tension, and a new means has been sought for giving a safe transition from the hardened to the unhardened material. The compressed air spray is found to give the desired results. The air reaches the metal through

special nozzles, and accurately graded degrees of hardness are obtained by regulating the number and arrangement of holes in the nozzle. When these are wide apart the surface is much affected, openings closer together giving thinner skin.

The Better Way. A household hint says that books can be protected from mildew by sprinkling oil of lavender on the shelves. An easier way, though, would be to read 'em occasionally.

It is difficult for any man to overlook the woman who has all the hair she wants piled on her head.

Some men are so busy with their hammers that they are unable to hear the knock of opportunity.

It takes a strong minded man to admit he is in the wrong when he is.

Many a sermon that touches the spot is wordless.

His Absence Noticed. A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country.

"Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the papers."

"Ah!" said the doctor, leaning forward earnestly, and looking very important. "How? In what terms?"

"In what terms?" was the response. "As far as I can remember, in some such words as these: 'There were last week 77 deaths in this city less than during the week before.'"

A Little Indefinite. "Billy had me good-by last night; said he was going to the front."

"Hotel or army?"

Wireless telephony is now possible for a radius of 225 miles.

Lots of people give advice who haven't any to spare.

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: First—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; Second—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; Third—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrup, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J. McCann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Had Been Given Permission

Ingenious Youngster Had Excellent Excuse for What Looked Like Disobedience.

Little Frederick lounged to go barefoot and had begged his mother many times to allow him to do so, but she had always refused. She was very much surprised, therefore, to see the little boy playing in the yard one afternoon, minus shoes and stockings.

"Why, Frederick!" she said, after she had called him in, "Who gave you permission to go barefoot?"

"God did, mother," replied the child, seriously. "I prayed and asked him."

"Why, my boy," said the mother, "I don't believe God would answer a naughty prayer like that."

"Yes, he did," said Frederick. "You always say 'Silence gives consent,' mother."

Red Cross Uniform.

The Red Cross uniform is a gray chambray dress with white apron, collars, caps, brassard, uniform cape and uniform hat and all nurses going to Europe are asked to wear it all the time for protection. The New York Y. W. C. A. is looking after the nurses as they arrive in that city from other parts of the country.

Christian Science.

The denomination known as "Christian Scientists" was founded by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. The "mother church," the "First Church of Christ," is in Boston, Mass. Churches throughout the world, now numbering about 2,000, are branches of the Boston church. There are about 3,000,000 Christian Scientists in the world.

AGENTS—ACT TODAY

Territory being assigned for PATENTED "French Dry Cleaning" Outfit for home use. CLEANS CLOTHING, RUGS, ETC., skates, dry cleaners do. Sell \$15.00 at farmhouse and homes of small towns. Big crops and big money in the country. Men now making \$10 to \$15 a day. WRITE FOR SAMPLE. Clearing Supply House, 122 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis. Adv.

Definition Near Home.

"My dear what is a floating debt?" "I guess the yacht you made me buy comes as near one as anything."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU that the best remedy for Red, Itchy, Swollen and Gravelled Eyes, No Stinging, No Pain, No Discharge, No Blurred Vision, is Dr. J. C. Smith's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

It is difficult for any man to overlook the woman who has all the hair she wants piled on her head.

Some men are so busy with their hammers that they are unable to hear the knock of opportunity.

It takes a strong minded man to admit he is in the wrong when he is.

Many a sermon that touches the spot is wordless.

Nursery College.

Mrs. Bernard Mole of London came over here recently to see how the land lay for establishing a "nursery college" in America such as she founded in England six years ago. There are a number of these colleges in England, whose graduates commenced at the start \$40 a month as a "nursery nurse" who had had the advantage of caring for real babies under the training of a professional nurse, learning also to make children's clothes, laundry work and also attend lectures on first aid, physiology and sex hygiene during the six months' course.

Question of Identity. She—Am I the first girl you ever kissed? He—Why—er—I don't know. Your face seems familiar.—Life.

Really? Patience—How in the world do you succeed in forgetting things? Patience—Really, I don't remember.

Wireless telephony is now possible for a radius of 225 miles.

Lots of people give advice who haven't any to spare.

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"Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the papers."

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MARKET REPORT. Pork, dressed, 10-11. Veal, 10-11. Beef, 5-6. Hens, 10-11. Spring chickens, 10-11. Hay, timothy, \$10-11. Potatoes, new, 6-9. Rye, 5-6. Oats, 5-6. Rye flour, 5-6. Patent flour, 22-26. Butter, 26. Eggs, 10-11. Hides, 10-11.

WANT COLUMN. WANTED:—Bright young lady, at least eighteen years of age for office work. One with High school education preferred. Address Box 54, Grand Rapids, Wis.

FOUR SALE:—Grade team, 5 and 6 yrs. old, 2400 lbs., both mares; 1 sulky plow slightly used; driving team 5 and 4 years old, 1800 lbs. Will sell either of the above teams separate or single. Karl Kronholm, Route 4.

LADIES:—Earn \$12 to \$15 weekly making plain aprons at home. We furnish material, prepay charges to you, and pay by the dozen. No experience needed. Articulars and full size apron for 25c. Silver. Ess Supply Co., Junction, Wis. 1c

FOR SALE:—Pure bred White Holstein calves, 6 months old. E. C. Wilke R. D. 2. 2*

FORD CAR FOR SALE:—Ford touring car in first class condition, two extra casing, four inner tubes for the small axle of \$300. For demonstration of the car call at 882 4th Ave. N. or Phone 439. 1c

STRAYED:—Came to my place on Tuesday, Sept. 22nd 6 head of spring calves. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. Frank Hamm, R. D. 2. 1c

FOR SALE:—Choice barred Plymouth Rock cockerels, \$1.00 each. Frank Hamm, Grand Rapids, Wis., R. D. 2, Box 6. Nov. 15*

FOR SALE:—Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels, 5 months old, \$1.00 each. Nels Jepson, Rudolph, Wis. Phone 141. 4*

LOST:—Lady's gold watch in case, three weeks ago on east side between city and Kellner. Finder will be rewarded. Irma Ocala, west side. 1c

OR SALE:—160 acre farm with good buildings in Shawano County one and one-fourth miles from Split Rock Station. Will consider small city property as part trade. Mrs. F. S. Bauer. R. R. 1

FOR SALE:—Two houses. Cheap. Also Holstein Bull one and one-half years old. Inquire 760 3rd St Phone 332.

FOR SALE:—40 acre farm cheap. Will take city property in exchange. Must sell on account of old age and not being able to do the work. Mrs. Fred Schuler, on Grand Avenue, near Cloverdale. 1c

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE:—Improved farms, wild lands and city property. Jno. T. Zaloudek 443 9th Ave N., Grand Rapids, Wis. Sept 30-6*

WANTED TO BUY OR TRADE:—Three brown leghorn, single comb cockerels, Forest Mangel, Phone 787 Res. 760 8th st north.

FOR SALE:—Plymouth Rock cockerels, 5 months old. Nels Jepson, Rudolph.

BED BLANKETS and COMFORTS

We advise your supplying your winter needs in Blankets and Comforters now from our large and complete stocks, which was bought and priced very reasonably. Following are a few of the specially good things.

40x68 Grey and tan fleeced blankets per pair	49c
62x72 " " " " " " " "	89c
62x76 " " " " " " " "	\$1.25
66x80 " " " " " " " "	\$1.50
54x72 White blanket sheets per pair	\$1.00

WOOL BLANKETS made in Wisconsin from Wisconsin grown wool in large line of pretty plaids and plain at \$4.75, \$6.00 and up to \$9.50 per pair

Crib blankets at	\$1.25 and down to 19c
White Wool Baby Blankets per pair at	\$2.25
Cheesecloth covered Comforters, large, light and warm at	\$1.85
Colored Comforters at	\$2.25, \$1.75, \$1.25 and 98c
Robe blankets in all popular colors at	\$2.50
Extra heavy reversible robe flannel per yard at	25c
Kimona and robe flannels at	15c, 12c and 10c

See our line of Sweaters and Headwear for Ladies', Men and Children.

W. C. WEISEL

LOCAL ITEMS. —Lilla Balm. Rogers Mott is in New York this week on business. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hill visited in Shiloh on Sunday. Roland Love spent Sunday in Green Bay with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Arndt were Green Bay visitors on Sunday. Miss Cecil Downing of Babcock is visiting with friends in the city. Dr. C. A. Boorman was a business visitor in Milwaukee on Sunday. —Use Lilla Balm, blood and stomach remedy to purify the blood. Mrs. Louis Reichel returned on Saturday from a trip to Milwaukee. Carl Kluge broke his collar bone while playing football on Thursday. Mrs. Tim Reilly and daughter Velia have returned from their visit in the east. Roy Weeks spent several days at Ladysmith last week visiting with friends. —Lilla Balm. G. J. Kandy returned on Monday from Virginia, Minn., where he had been to secure an order for a set of fixtures. Rev. C. A. Mellicke was in Green Bay on Sunday where he occupied the pulpit in the German Moravian church on that day. Mrs. Winfield Bingham and son Harlow and Miss Emma Sprocka are visiting with relatives and friends in Almond for several days. Mr. and Mrs. F. Lutz and daughter Fern, and Miss Anna Hodell of Stevens Point were guests at the Edward Gault home on Sunday. Anton Golla has traded his two houses near the Packing plant to August Knuth for his 120 acre farm in the town of Grand Rapids. —Lilla Balm.

Women's and Children's Hosiery Main Floor

Women's black fleece lined Hose, each grade the best for the price, per pair 24c, 15c and.....12c

Women's black wool Hose, special grades for the price, per pair 48c, 35c, 24c and.....19c

Women's black cotton Hose, special grades for the price, per pair 48c, 39c, 24c, 19c, 14c, 10c

Special Notice

We sell the best grades of Hosiery that money can buy. We guarantee our hose to give perfect satisfaction. Try our hose in any of our grades and you will like them and buy them again.

An Extraordinary Corset at the price of an ordinary. That is what you obtain when you select and wear one of our new styles of

Redfern Corsets

Only the finest materials are used in their construction—fine, soft fabrics; Walohn boning; thin, double side steels; strong, flexible clasps; Security rubber button hose supporters. No wonder Redfern wear as well as they do.

If you have been buying a cheaper corset let us fit you to a Redfern—you will find it far more economical. If you have worn more expensive makes you will find more satisfactory service, better comfort and more fashionable lines in one of the new Redfern styles, ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Clothing Section—Main Floor

Boys' Suits, Norfolk style, all the newest patterns, \$7.50 to.....\$1.85

Boys' Knickerbocker Pants, \$1.50 down to.....48c

Boys' Waists and Shirts, \$1.00 down to.....23c

Boys' Underwear, shirts and drawers 65c down to.....23c

Boys' Union Suits, \$1.25 down to.....48c

Boys' Mackinaw Coats, \$5.45 down to.....\$3.75

Boys' Canvas Gloves per pair.....8c

Boys' Overalls, 50c, 39c and.....25c

Boys' Neckties, 48c, 23c and.....15c

Boys' Sweater Coats, \$5.00 down to.....39c

In Our Grocery Department Soap, Soap Powders and Cleansers

Buy Soap by the box or large quantities, you save money. Look at these prices:

WHITE SOAP

Electric Spark.....10 bars 37c	Box of 100 bars.....\$3.48
White Linen.....10 bars 39c	Box of 100 bars.....\$3.78
White Clover.....10 bars 41c	Box of 100 bars.....\$3.88
Galvanic.....10 bars 41c	Box of 100 bars.....\$3.90
Sunny Monday.....10 bars 41c	Box of 100 bars.....\$3.98
Flake White.....10 bars 43c	Box of 100 bars.....\$4.10

BROWN SOAP

Calumet Family.....10 bars 23c	Box of 100 bars.....\$2.23
Santa Claus.....10 bars 33c	Box of 100 bars.....\$3.19
Lennox.....10 bars 32c	Box of 100 bars.....\$3.00
American Family.....10 bars 43c	Box of 100 bars.....\$4.15

Grandmas Washing Powder, large package.....11c

Gold Dust Washing Powder, large package.....21c

Polly Prim Cleanser, two regular 10c cans.....15c

Cut Glass Water Sets Special for Thursday, Friday and Saturday 92c

7 piece Cut Glass Water Sets, 6 glasses and pitcher—four patterns to select from. 10c=====15c

JOHNSON & HILL Grand Rapids, Wis.

BIRTHS. Miss Gertrude Harris, who has been retoucher at the Menzel studio, has resigned her position, and left on Monday for her home in New Lisbon. Miss Harris has accepted a more lucrative position which she expects to take charge of in the near future. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Barre of Milwaukee were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Spaford several days last week. Mr. Barre was a former resident in the vicinity of Vesper in early days, but is now employed as a conductor between Milwaukee and Chicago for the Soo Ry. The city of Wausau has purchased a tugmotor. The equipment will be in charge of the fire department and includes the necessary things to give aid to those whose lungs are filled with water or injurious gases. It is a modern and up-to-date machine, and will be brought into use whenever necessary. Mrs. R. A. McDonald returned on Saturday from Ladysmith where she had been visiting with her sons, Bert and Eldred, for a couple of weeks. Rev. Sam Groenfeldt of Sturgeon Bay is spending the week in the city assisting in the work at the Moravian churches in this city and vicinity. Mrs. Jane Granger, who has been in Minneapolis for some time past, returned to this city on Monday and will make her home here for a time. —Lilla Balm. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Krieger and children returned on Tuesday from Chicago where Mrs. Krieger and the children had been visiting with relatives for some time past. Mrs. Krieger, who had been in rather poor health for some time past, is considerably improved.

Women's Kid and Fabric Gloves Main Floor

We give you better values in Kid and Fabric Gloves than other stores. We know that our gloves are good, if you buy them you will know this too.

Women's Kayser Cashmerette lined Gloves, special grade, per pair.....25c

Better grades in Women's Silk Lined Kayser Cashmerette Gloves, per pair.....48c

Our line of dressed and undressed Kid Gloves is the best. Our prices on these gloves are lower than city stores.

Women's and Children's Underwear Section

We give you the best values in Underwear—the kind that gives you wear satisfaction, and at money-saving prices.

Ladies fleece lined Vests and Pants, a better grade than is usually sold at the price, each.....25c

Better grades in Women's fleece lined Vests or Pants, each grade the best for the price, each 75c and.....48c

Women's fleece lined Union Suits, a special grade for the price, per suit.....48c

Women's fleece lined Union Suits, extra good values, better grades than above, per suit 98c and.....75c

Women's wool Vests or Pants, extra good quality and the kind that you get real comfort in the wear, each 98c and.....85c

Women's wool Union Suits, the best grades and best fitting garments made, per suit \$2.75, \$2.25, \$1.95 and.....\$1.45

Children's Underwear—Children's ribbed fleece lined Underwear Vests or Pants, good quality, for size 18 each.....15c

Larger sizes about 3c more for each size.

Children's heavy knit fleece lined Underwear, Nests and Pants for size 18.....22c

Larger sizes about 3c more for each size.

EXTRA SPECIAL—One lot Women's Union Wool Drawers in tan color, the regular prices were up to 70c each, to close the lot we offer them at each.....29c

SHOES for Boys, Girls and Babies.

When it's a question of footwear for any member of the family—and especially for the children—we can help you solve the problem. For fit, style and durability there is nothing better made than our line of children's shoes—they are built to wear, yet have that neat appearance and trim fitting qualities so desirable in children's shoes. Let us fit the children.

Boys' Shoes, \$3.50 to.....	\$1.50
Youths' Shoes, \$2.50 to.....	\$1.25
Little Gents' Shoes, \$2.25 to.....	\$1.15
Girls' Shoes, \$3.00 to.....	\$1.15
Children's Shoes, \$2.25 to.....	\$1.00
Babies' Shoes from \$1.50 to.....	25c

Hard or Soft Coal, Wood or Coke can be burned with economy in THE STEWART HOT BLAST OAK.

This stove is without an equal as a soft coal burner. The construction of the ash chamber insures no ash dust in your home. The Hot Blast Ring directly over the fire pot guarantees you absolute economy. Ask your neighbors how much they can cut their fuel bill with a Stewart Hot Blast Oak! We guarantee this stove to be made of the best material and by the most experienced workmen, which insures you against defects. We sell on easy terms.

14 in. firepot for.....	\$15.00
18 in. firepot for.....	\$20.00
16 in. firepot for.....	\$18.00
22 in. firepot for.....	\$24.00

Cut Rate Drug Department

\$1.00 Patent Medicines.....85c

50c Patent Medicines.....43c

We are agents for the Penslar Remedies—a remedy for each ailment.

Prescriptions—Set us fill your prescriptions. We give you prompt service and we never substitute. Give us a trial and save money.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS Newest Fall Styles 10c=====15c

150,000 RUSS ARE SLAIN BY GERMANS

BERLIN CLAIMS 92,000 TAKEN PRISONERS IN BATTLE NEAR TANNENBURG.

PURSUED SLAVS TO KOVNO

Russians Claim Capture of Strongly Fortified Austrian City of Jaroslau—Resume Offensive Against Germany.

Berlin, Sept. 24 (by wireless via Sayville, N. Y.).—According to an official statement issued here yesterday, the Russians lost 242,000 men in battles with the Germans near Tannenberg, East Prussia. Of these, it is stated, 150,000 were killed and 92,000 captured.

Special dispatches to the Berlin newspapers report that Gen. von Hindenburg pursued the Russians from East Prussia until they reached the shelter of the guns of the fortress at Kovno. They add that the roads are now impassable quagmires.

Kovno is a strong Russian position in the first line of defenses on a line east of Koenigsberg. The country through this territory is low and marshy. The marching of the thousands of retreating troops, with their horses and guns, no doubt has churned the soggy ground into a swamp.

Blow to Austrians. London, Sept. 24.—The fall of Jaroslau, the Austrian fortified position in Galicia, is regarded here as the most decisive stroke announced from the continental battlefields in the past twenty-four hours. The Russian army is in hot pursuit of the Austrians, who are reported to be retreating on Cracow. As Przemyśl is now isolated, it seems probable that the Muscovites will be content to mask this fortress while they push on to Cracow with the view of joining up their forces preparatory to a march in the direction of Breslau.

Further north the Russians, according to information reaching London, have resumed the offensive against the Germans in East Prussia and they are reported as again preparing to attack Koenigsberg, the ancestral home of the kings of Prussia.

VILLA LEADS NEW REVOLT

Repudiates Carranza and Launches New Government—Will Not Take Part in Convention.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24.—Gen. V. has telegraphed Gen. Carranza disavowing the latter as first chief of the Constitutional army, in charge of the executive power in Mexico. This was announced in a telegram from Gen. Carranza last night to the Constitutional agency here. Gen. Villa at the same time announced that neither he nor his delegates would participate in the national convention called for Oct. 1 at Mexico City to designate a provisional president.

The exchange of telegrams resulted from Carranza's order to suspend railroad communication between Aguascalientes and Torreon until he could learn whether or not Gen. Obregon, commander of the division of the northeast, was held under arrest by Villa.

This sudden break between the two foremost factors in Mexico's politics caused a profound sensation here. Secretary of State Bryan would make no comment, and White House officials likewise were silent.

It was generally understood, however, that President Wilson, who has set no date for the departure of American forces from Vera Cruz, probably would delay the evacuation until the controversy was adjusted.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 24.—Villa agents yesterday sent several carloads of munitions as well as troops to assist Gen. Maytorena of Sonora, who is in open revolt against Carranza. This was followed later in the day, according to reports received here, by the sending of 500,000 pesos in Villa paper currency to Maytorena's officials.

Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, Sept. 24.—Notices were posted here yesterday that Gen. Villa had proclaimed a rebellion against Carranza. Gen. Maytorena of Sonora, who is supported by Villa, is in command here and is reported to be preparing to march against Gen. Benjamin Hill, Carranza's military commander in the state.

Carranza Mobilizes Troops. Brownsville, Tex., Sept. 24.—General mobilization of troops in northern Mexico, loyal to Carranza, is under way at Monterrey, according to reports current in Matamoros, opposite Brownsville.

Sink British Ships.

Calcutta, Sept. 15.—(Delayed by censor)—Official announcement is made that the German light cruiser Emden made a raid into the Bay of Bengal, between Sept. 10 and 14, and captured and sank six British ships.

Austrian Chief's Son Killed.

Vienna, Sept. 23.—It was announced here that Lieut. Herbert von Heitenroth, son of the Austrian chief in command, was killed in battle against the Russians at Rawa Ruska.

Germans Give Casualty List.

Berlin, via Rome, Sept. 22.—The twenty-ninth casualty list just published, shows the following victims of the battle of the Marne: Dead—Officers, 109; soldiers, 361. Wounded—Officers, 271; soldiers, 1,351. Missing—Officers, 17; soldiers, 799.

Praise Allied Armies.

Copenhagen, Sept. 22.—A special dispatch from Berlin states that the German military authorities highly praise the bravery of the allied armies.

Many Austrians Reported Taken.

Paris, Sept. 22.—In a message from Petrograd the Havas correspondent says that during the last three days the Russians in Galicia have captured 15,000 Austrians, including 150 officers. Many cannon, quick fire guns, and supplies also have been taken.

Claim Jap Ship Sunk.

Peking, Sept. 22.—Advices from Peking state that the Japanese lost a torpedo boat outside Kinchen.

TURCOS WHO ARE FIGHTING IN THE FRENCH ARMY



Hardy fighters of the Nineteenth corps of the Algerian contingent in the French army. Their fearless, fierce attacks on the enemy seem to utterly demoralize the German gunners.

DAY AND NIGHT BATTLES ALONG BANKS OF AISNE

Fierce Fighting Continues, With Neither Side Securing Decisive Results.

NAVAL VICTORY FOR GERMANY

Three British Cruisers Sunk, While the Kaiser Loses Only Two Submarines—Russia Reports That Austrian Army Under General Dankl Is at Her Mercy—Details of the Fighting in France.

At the Battle Front, via Paris, Sept. 24.—Not a moment's respite was given to the German forces entrenched along the Aisne front running along the river Aisne and Oise and extending into the Woëvre district.

The batteries of the allied forces never ceased firing, although their activity diminished after sundown. The Germans occupying the trenches kept constantly on the alert, but until two o'clock in the morning no aggressive move was started from the allied lines facing them.

Then all the allied batteries seemed to open fire together and every point along the front became active. At the western end of the line the allied infantry gathered in the trenches and simultaneously at various points crept out and advanced cautiously in wide open lines towards the German positions.

The French and British on several occasions succeeded in surprising and driving back the occupants of the German trenches, but only after the most stubborn fighting and after heavy losses both to the attacking and to the defending forces. In every instance the allied troops retained the ground captured and immediately dug themselves in.

Further east the Germans themselves developed a strong attack, but were beaten back with the bayonet, only to return again and again, to be finally driven off to their original positions.

The allied commanders were able to give the troops who had been occupying the advance firing line a well-earned rest, pushing to the front fresh brigades hitherto held in reserve, and which were only too anxious to come into actual contact.

Military experts estimate that 2,000,000 or more men are now in the zone where the battle has been in progress ten days.

Tells of German Gains.

Berlin, Sept. 22, by wireless to Sayville, L. I.—The announcement given out at official headquarters under date of Sept. 21, relates that in the fighting around Reims the Germans have occupied the heights of Craonne, and that in advancing on the French city, which is described as on fire, they occupied the village of Bethany.

The Germans have attacked the line of forts to the south of Verdun, and they crossed victoriously the eastern frontier of Lorraine, which was defended by fierce French army corps. A French sortie from a point north-east of Verdun was repulsed.

Report German Right Turned.

London, Sept. 24.—The Daily Mail's correspondent reports that the German right has been turned between Peronne and St. Quentin. He says that during all Monday night wounded have been arriving at an unnamed place. They report there are nine miles of dead in trenches between those two towns.

WORTHY OF HIGH HONOR

Workers Under Red Cross Are Doing a Remarkable Service to Humanity's Cause.

Above the smoke of battle, the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the cries of the wounded, the pallid and distorted faces of the dead, the anguish of the bereaved, stands the Red Cross, lone symbol of human kindness, brotherly love, otherwise overwhelmed by the mad passions that impel human beings to slaughter of thousands and tens of thousands of their kind.

WHITE BADGE OF COURAGE

Suggestion as to Appropriate Mourning That Is Made by English Noblemen.

London.—The duchess of Devonshire, the marchioness of Lansdowne, and three other well-known titled women have written to the papers saying that they have all "near relatives who have borne and are bearing their part in the gallant and sanguinary battles which the British army is fighting

Many British Officers Killed.

The official casualty lists received at London are proof that the battles in France exceed in violence and stubbornness anything since the struggle in Port Arthur.

The part the British officers are playing is illustrated by the bare testimony of the casualty lists. Seven hundred and ninety-seven officers are among the killed, wounded and missing, which is a percentage out of all proportion to the losses in the ranks. One hundred and thirty officers have been killed, 388 have been wounded, and 279 are missing. Many of the missing probably must later be recorded as killed or wounded.

Famed Cathedral Razed.

The French minister of the interior, Louis J. Malvy, announced that the famous cathedral of Notre Dame at Reims had been destroyed and all the other historic and public buildings either laid in ruins or seriously damaged during the bombardment of Reims by the German artillery.

Report Dankl's Army Hemmed In.

A dispatch to the Tribune from Petrograd says 150,000 Austrians under General Dankl are surrounded by 300,000 Russians between the Rivers San and Vistula. The Austrians are short of provisions and have been summoned to surrender.

Russian troops have occupied the fortified Austrian position of Jaroslau, according to official announcement made at Petrograd. The Russian flag is now flying over the town.

First Details of Great Combat.

It is now possible to give the first details of the terrific battle of the Aisne—the greatest battle in the history of the world.

It is a story of a deadly duel of big guns, of furious attacks of terrific counter-attacks, of hand-to-hand clashes and bayonet charges and of frightful carnage.

It is a story of a succession of battles, which have been fought now on one part of the line and now on the other, hour after hour for every hour of the twenty-four, day after day and night after night, for six long days, and still with no result at the time of writing.

The story starts with the day of the fourteenth. From the twelfth to the morning of the fourteenth, the rival armies had been fighting a rear-guard action, precipitated when the retreating Germans turned at bay to give battle to their allied pursuers.

The real fighting started on the morning of the fourteenth, when the battle became general along the range of heights to the north of Aisne.

The fighting was sustained with deadly earnestness during all of the next day. The Germans contesting every foot of the way in a supreme endeavor to hold their position until reinforcements could arrive.

On the night of the fifteenth they appeared to have been strengthened, and commenced their formidable movement against the French and British all along their front. A furious attack on the allies' extreme left, with the big guns of the rival armies lighting the line of the opposing fronts in fierce silhouette, was repulsed with great courage by the allies. Again and again the Germans returned to the attack with the tenacity that was the marvel of French troops, but each time they were repulsed. No fewer than ten times did they drive their dense masses of troops at the allied infantry, but never were they able to break through.

On the morning of the seventeenth fighting again was resumed with the desperation that rivalled that of the big night attack.

At the end of the day it appeared that the Germans had been forced to retire about seven miles.

During the fighting, which lasted all day and into the night, the Germans lost 600 prisoners, aside from the dead and wounded, which could not be counted, and a number of rapid-fire guns.

Hand-to-hand fighting, in which the bayonet was used extensively, resulted

in the capture of thousands and tens of thousands of their kind.

The great humane organization whose standard is the cross of red upon a field of white, knows no difference in race or nation. Its ministrations are freely given to all who suffer. German, Briton, Frenchman, Austrian, Slav, are all its equal beneficiaries. Its task is not limited by national boundary lines. It is the embodiment of all that is best in human nature; it presents the example of obedience to the Golden Rule; it exemplifies the spirit which should, though it does not at all times, animate all human beings in their dealings with one another.

That which is called glory won in the wholesale slaughter that is called war is as nothing to the real glory that is the due of the men and women who endure privation and hardship in order that when armed conflict is temporarily suspended, they may be at hand to relieve the sufferings of the wounded who are left on the field of carnage.

country's cause.

"We trouble you with this letter, which has necessarily been written without consultation, not because we for a moment wish to advocate any particular course on a question which each mourner must decide for herself. But we are confident that there are many who undoubtedly would share our views."

The Daily Chronicle in an official article headed "The White Badge of Courage" says it associates itself entirely with the letter.

Fighting on the Twenty-third.

On the Battle Front, via Paris, Sept. 23.—The western wing of the German line has been thrust back seven miles during the last 48 hours as a sequel to continuous fighting night and day.

Both armies, despite almost superhuman fatigue, show the utmost determination not to yield an inch of ground without a terrible struggle, but the fresher troops at the disposal of the allied commanders have gradually forced the Germans to recede.

The recklessness displayed at the beginning of hostilities, with the resultant carnage through the machine guns, has almost disappeared and every movement of the attacking and defending troops is carried out with the utmost caution until the moment of actual contact.

It is now becoming the conviction of military men that nothing but outflanking movements can have any serious effect on either army.

The Germans, according to their official report, have been strongly reinforced both on their right, where General von Kluck is making such a stubborn stand in almost impenetrable positions on the hills north of Aisne, and in the center, where the Germans are making almost superhuman efforts to recapture Reims.

Seventh Day's Battle.

From the Battle Front, via Paris, Sept. 22.—The seventh day of the battle of the Aisne ended with the Germans and allies entrenched in practically the same positions they held for the last two days.

Artillery duels such as never have been seen before are being carried on with the hope of compelling the evacuation of the strongly held positions, with occasional successes to the opposing sides, while the infantry, in the face of a galling fire, have charged right up to the guns, only to make their opponents give way slightly, or to be repulsed with great losses.

The Germans took the allies' trenches on the river to the north of Soissons after hard fighting. A counter-attack was executed by the allies and the trenches were rewon.

The fighting may go on for days yet, but sooner or later one side must find the continual fall of shells and the disconcerting infantry attacks too much for them, and, leaving a strong rear guard, will draw back.

Germany Wins Naval Victory.

Three cruisers of Great Britain, carrying a complement of more than two thousand one hundred men, were torpedoed and sunk in the North sea, off the German coast, by German submarines.

These cruisers, the Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy, have been reported as very active in scouting close to the Heligoland light in an effort to locate the main German war fleet.

The government says that a "considerable number" of the crew were picked up by destroyers and trawlers that hurried to the rescue. But the exact number of casualties will not be obtainable until the list of survivors can be completed. It is officially admitted, however, that it will be large, and among the number it is reported the most of the officers of the three big warships.

The Aboukir, which was patrolling in the North sea, was the first to be sunk when she was struck by a torpedo sent from a German submarine. The Hogue and the Cressy went to the rescue of the survivors, who were floating in the water. As they were lowering their boats the submarine of the enemy also launched torpedoes against the two cruisers, they also being sunk.

Two of five German submarine boats which attacked and sank the British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue were sent to the bottom by the British ships, according to survivors of the cruiser fleet brought in 287 survivors.

Battle of Brains.

"At Brains the first cavalry division met with considerable opposition from infantry and machine guns holding the town and guarding the bridge. With the aid of some of our infantry, it gained possession of the town about 11 o'clock, driving the enemy to the north. Some hundred prisoners were captured around Brains, where the Germans have thrown a large amount of field gun ammunition into the river, where it was visible under two feet of water."

"On our right the French reached the line of the river Vesle. On this day began an action along the Aisne which is not yet finished, and which may be merely of a rear guard nature on a large scale, or may be the commencement of a battle of a more serious nature."

"It rained heavily on Saturday afternoon and all through the night, which severely handicapped transport."

"On Sunday, September 13, extremely strong resistance was encountered along the whole of our front, which was some fifteen miles in length. The action still consisted for the most part of long range gun fire, that of the Germans being to a great extent from their heavy howitzers, which were firing from cleverly concealed positions."

"By nightfall portions of all three corps were across the river, the cavalry returning to the south side. By this night, or early next morning, three pontoon bridges had been built and our troops also managed to get across the river by means of the bridge, carrying the canal over the river."

"On our left the French pressed on, but were prevented by artillery fire from building a pontoon bridge at Soissons. A large number of infantry, however, crossed in single file the trestle of the railway bridge left standing."

"Germans Quick to Surrender." "During the last three or four days many isolated parties of Germans have been discovered hiding in numerous woods a long way behind our line. As a rule they seemed glad to surrender, and the condition of some of them may be gathered from the following incident:

"An officer proceeding along the road in charge of a number of led horses received information that there were some of the enemy in the neighborhood. He gave the order to charge, whereupon three German officers and 106 men surrendered."

"At Soissons immediately on his arrival a proclamation was issued by the commander of a division. The main points were that all arms were to be handed in at the town hall at once, that all civilians found with arms would be shot at once; no person was to be in the street after dark; no lights were to be maintained in the houses or the streets; the doors of all houses were to be left open, and the inhabitants were not to collect in groups. Any obstruction of the German troops or the threatening of them immediately would be punishable by death."

"At Villers Cotterets, the mayor appears to have behaved judiciously and though supplies far in excess of the capabilities of the place were demanded, the town was not seriously damaged."

"The Germans evacuated the place on September 11 in such haste that they left behind a large amount of the bread requisitioned."

"It was stated by the inhabitants that the enemy had destroyed and abandoned 15 motor lorries, seven guns and ammunition wagons."

"Reims was occupied by the enemy on September 3. It was occupied by the French after considerable fighting on September 13."

RETREAT OF GERMANS WAS STEADY UNTIL THEY MADE STAND ON AISNE

London.—An account of the operations of the British army in France and the French armies in immediate touch with it during the period from September 10 to 13, written by an officer attached to Field Marshal Sir John French's staff, has been issued by the official press bureau. The account follows:

Since Thursday, September 10, the British army, in co-operation with the French, made steady progress in its endeavor to drive back the enemy. The country across which it had to force its way and over which it will have to fight in the near future is undulating and covered with patches of thick wood.

"Within the area which faced the British before the advance commenced, right up to Laon, the chief feature of tactical importance is that there are six rivers running across the direction of the advance, at all of which it was possible the Germans might make a stand. These are, in order from the south, the Marne, Oureq, Vesle, Aisne, Ailette and Oise."

Real Resistance at the Aisne. "The enemy held the lines of the Marne, which was crossed by our forces on September 9, as a purely rear guard operation. Our passages of the Oureq, which here runs almost due east and west, was not contested. The Vesle was only lightly held, while resistance along the Aisne, both against the French and British, has been and still is of a determined character."

"On Friday, September 11, little opposition was met along any part of our front and the direction of the advance was for the purpose of co-operating with our allies turned, slightly to the northeast. The day was passed in rushing forward and gathering in various hostile detachments. By nightfall our forces had reached a line from Gulehy-Le-Chateau to Longpont."

General Advance of French. "On this day there was also a general advance of the French along their whole line which ended in a substantial success, in one portion of the army being driven back across the Saule, and elsewhere the whole of the corps artillery of a German corps being captured. Several German colors also were taken."

"It was only on this day that the full extent of the victory gained by the allies on September 8 was appreciated by them and the moral effect of this success has been enormous."

"An order dated September 6 and issued by the commander of the German Seventh corps was picked up. It stated that the great object of the war was about to be attained, since the French were going to accept battle, and that upon the result of this battle would depend the issue of the war and the honor of the German armies."

Cermans Make Heroic Effort. "It seems probable that the Germans not only expected to find that the British army was beyond the power of assuming the offensive for some time, but counted on the French having been driven back on to the line of the Seine, and that, though surprised to find the latter moving forward against them after they had crossed the Marne, they were in no wise deterred from making a great effort."

"On Saturday, September 12, the enemy were found to be occupying a formidable position opposite us on the north of the line at Soissons. They had both sides of the river and an entrenched line on the hills to the north of the eight road bridges and two railway bridges crossing the Aisne, within our section of the front. Seven of the former and both of the latter had been demolished."

Foes in Artillery Duel. "Working from the west to the east, our Third army corps gained some high ground south of the Aisne, overlooking the Aisne valley, to the east of Soissons."

"Here a long range artillery duel between our guns and those of the French on our left and the enemy's artillery on the hills continued during the greater part of the day and did not cease until nearly midnight. The enemy had a large number of heavy howitzers in well concealed positions."

"The movement of this army corps was effected in co-operation with the French sixth army, on our left, which gained the southern half of the town during the night."

"The Second army corps did not cross the Aisne. The First army corps got over the river Vesle, to the south of the Aisne, after the crossing had been secured by the First cavalry division. It then reached a line south of Aisne practically without fighting."

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During the greater part of the occupation there has been a great lack of provisions. No gas, electricity, or kerosene is available, and the inhabitants are obliged to use candles for lighting purposes. Four hostages have been given daily to answer for the security of the German troops.

Prefect Briens of Pas-de-Calais, who has been under restraint, reported that during three days' occupation of Arras his only humiliation was moral constraint.

"When a man was bayoneting a German and could not release his weapon at once, he would whip out his revolver and shoot another. The soldiers of the Kaiser were giants, but they fell like flies."

"The fighting was at its height our colonel suddenly ordered, 'Give the Turcos free rein,' said the officer. 'Then the avalanche began. It was like hell let loose. They tore along the German batteries for a full mile. Infantry and artillery poured shot into them and they fell by the dozen, but dashed on.'

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REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES FOR LEGISLATURE

Madison.—Returns received by the department of state show the following nominations of republican and democratic candidates for the Wisconsin legislature as made at the recent primary election:

Candidates for Senate. First district—M. W. Ferry, rep. Third district—Chas. H. Everett, rep. R. W. McCracken, rep. Fifth district—Edw. I. Churchill, rep. Seventh district—Dan B. Starkey, rep. Thomas Szewczkowski, dem. Ninth district—David V. Jennings, dem. Chas. W. Starke, Jr., rep. Eleventh district—Fred A. Baxter, rep. Robt. J. Shields, dem. Thirteenth district—Byron Barvig, dem. O. F. Goetsch, rep. Fifteenth district—Henry Rollmann, dem. W. H. Spencer, rep. Seventeenth district—John Theller, dem. Platt Whitman, rep. Nineteenth district—W. H. Bray, rep. Chas. H. Kripplene, dem. Twenty-first district—Frank H. Hanson, rep. Twenty-third district—A. R. Potts, rep. Julius Prenzlow, dem. Twenty-fifth district—W. W. Alberts, dem. Thos. J. Roberts, rep. Twenty-seventh district—Geo. Staudenmayer, dem. Wm S. Stroud, rep. Twenty-ninth district—Geo. E. Scott, rep.

Thirty-first district—J. Henry Bennett, rep. Richard Grimsrud, rep. Thirty-third district—Frank Foote, rep. Chas. Mulberger, dem. Candidates for Assembly. Adams-Marquette—W. Jackson Bell, dem. Frank L. McGowan, rep. Ashland—Frank Heiderer, dem. C. Kleinsteiber, rep. Barron—J

HIS MOTHER'S SON

A Business Adventure of Emma McChesney

By EDNA FERBER

Author of "Dawn O'Hara," "Buttered Side Down," etc.

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"Full!" repeated Emma McChesney, and if it weren't for the compositor there'd be an exclamation point after that question mark.

"Sorry, Mrs. McChesney," said the clerk, and he actually looked it, "but there's absolutely nothing stirring. We're full up. The Benefiting Brotherhood of Bisons is holding its regular annual state convention here. We're putting up cots in the hall."

Emma McChesney's keen blue eyes glanced up from their inspection of the little bunch of mail which had just been handed her. "Well, pick out a hall with a southern exposure and set up a cot or so for me," she said, agreeably, "because I've come to stay. After selling Featherloom petticoats on the road for ten days I don't see myself trailing up and down this town looking for a place to lay my head. I've learned this one large, immovable truth, and that is, that a hotel clerk is a hotel clerk. It makes no difference whether he is stuck back of a marble pillar and hidden by a gold vase full of thirty-six-inch American beauty roses at the Knickerbocker, or setting the late fall fashions for men in Galesburg, Ill."

By one small degree was the perfect pose of the peerless personage behind the register jarred. But by only one. He was a hotel night clerk.

"It won't do any good to get sore, Mrs. McChesney," he began, suavely. "Now a man would—"

"But I'm not a man," interrupted Emma McChesney. "I'm only doing a man's work and earning a man's salary and demanding to be treated with as much consideration as you'd show a man."

The personage busied himself mightily with a pen, and a blotter, and sundry papers, as is the manner of personages when annoyed. "I'd like to accommodate you," he said to do it.

"Cheer up," said Emma McChesney, "you're going to. I don't mind a little discomfort. Though I want to mention in passing that if there are any lady Bisons present you needn't bank on doubling me up with them. I've had one experience of that kind. It was in Albia, Iowa. I'd sleep in the kitchen range before I'd go through another."

"I'd want the erstwhile falling pose," Emma McChesney said, "but I'm a member of this order myself, and a finer lot of fellows it has never been my pleasure to know."

"Yes, I know," drawled Emma McChesney. "Do you know, the thing that gets me is the inconsistency of it. Along come a lot of boobs who never use a hotel the year around except to loaf in the lobby, and wear out the leather chairs, and get the matches and toothpicks and use the baseball returns, and immediately you turn away a traveling man who uses a three-dollar-a-day room, with a sample room downstairs for his stuff, who tips every porter and bell-boy in the place, asks for no favors, and who, if you give him a half-way decent cup of coffee for breakfast, will fall in love with the place and boom it all over the country. Half of your Beneficent Bisons are here on the European plan, with a view to patronizing the free-lunch counters or being asked to take dinner at the home of some local Bison whose wife has been cooking up on pies, and chicken salad and veal roast for the last week."

Emma McChesney leaned over a desk a little, and lowered her voice to the tone of confidence. "Now, I'm not in the habit of making a nuisance of myself like this. I don't get so chatty as a rule, and I know that I could jump over to Monmouth and get first-class accommodations there. But just this once I've a good reason for wanting to make you and myself a little miserable. Yes, my son is traveling with me this trip."

"Son!" echoed the clerk staring.

"Thanks. That's what they all do. After a while I'll begin to believe that there must be something hauntingly beautiful and girlish about me or every one wouldn't pertain to I am attached to my apron strings. He looks twenty-one, but he's seventeen. He thinks the world's rotten because he can't grow one of those fuzzy little mustaches that the men are cultivating at the depot now, straightening out his baggage. Now I want to say this before he gets here. He's been out with me just four days. Those four days have been a revelation, an eye-opener, and a series of rude jolts. He used to think that his mother's job consisted of traveling in Pullmans, eating delicate viands turned out by the hotel chefs, and strewing Featherloom petticoats along the path. I gave him plenty of money, and he got into the habit of looking lightly upon anything more trifling than a five-dollar bill. He's changing his mind by great leaps. I'm prepared to spend the night in the coal cellar if you'll just fix him up—not too comfortably. It'll be a great lesson for him. There he is now. Just coming in. Fuzzy coat and hat and English stick. Hist! As they say on the stage."

The boy crossed the crowded lobby. There was a little worried, annoyed frown between his eyes. He laid a protecting hand on his mother's arm. Emma McChesney was conscious of a little thrill of pride as she realized that he did not have to look up to meet her gaze.

"Look here, mother, they tell me there's some sort of a convention here, and the town's packed. That's what all those banners and things were for. I hope they've got something decent for us here. I came up with a man who said he didn't think there was a hole left to sleep in."

he came toward his mother who noticed a stain on his coat, and a sunburst of wrinkles across one leg of his modish brown trousers.

"Good-morning, son!" said Emma McChesney. "Was it as bad as that?"

Jack McChesney's long fingers curled into a fist.

"Say," he began, his tone venomous, "do you know what those—those—"

"Say it!" commanded Emma McChesney. "I'm only your mother. If you keep that in your system your breakfast will curdle in your stomach."

Jack McChesney said it. I know no phrase better fitted to describe his tone than that old favorite of the erotic novelists. It was vibrant with passion. It breathed bitterness. It sizzled with savagery. It—Oh, alliteration is useless.

"Well," said Emma McChesney, encouragingly, "go on."

"Well!" gulped Jack McChesney, and glared; "those two double-bedded, bloomin', blasted Bisons came in at twelve, and the single one about fifteen minutes later. They didn't surprise me. There was a herd of about ninety-three of 'em in the hall, all saying good-night to each other, and planning where they'd meet in the morning, and the time, and place and probable weather conditions. For that matter, there were droves of 'em pounding up and down the halls all night. I never saw such restless cats. It's just like the middle of the night when the metal disk of a hotel key hangs and clanging up against a door. I'd like to know what it is. My three Bisons were all dolled up with foot ribbons and badges and striped paper caps. When they switched on the light I gave a crack imitation of a tired working man trying to get a little sleep. I breathed regularly and heavily, with an occasional moaning snore. But if those two hippopotamus Bisons had been alone on their native plains they couldn't have cared less. They bellowed, and pawed the earth, and threw their shoes around, and yawned, and stretched and discussed their plans for the next day, and reviewed all their doings of that day. Then one of them said something about turning in, and I was so happy I forgot to snore. Just then another crack clanged at the door, in walked a fat man in a brown derby, and the stuff was off."

"That," said Emma McChesney, "would be Ed Meyers of the Strauss Sans-silk Skirt company."

"None other than our hero," Jack's tone had an added acidity. "It took those four about two minutes to get acquainted. In three minutes they had told their real names, and it turned out that Meyers belonged to an organization that was a second cousin of the Bisons. In five minutes they had got together a deck and a pile of chips and were shirt-sleeved it around a game of pinochle. I would doze off to the sleep of cards and the click of chips, and wake up when the bell-boy came in with another round, when he did every six minutes. When I got up this morning I found that Fat Ed Meyers had been sitting on the chair over which I trustingly had draped my trousers. This sunburst of wrinkles is where he most bit me."

"You're right, there isn't," agreed Mr. Sims. "I guess the young man is new to this traveling game. As I said, I'd like to accommodate you, but—"

"Let's see now. Tell you what I'll do. If I can get the housekeeper to go over and sleep in the maid's quarters just for tonight, you can use her room. There you are! Of course, it's over the kitchen, and there may be some little noise early in the morning."

Emma McChesney raised a protesting hand. "Don't mention it! Just lead me thither. I'm so tired I could sleep in an excursion special that was switching at Pittsburgh. Jack, my child, we're in luck. That's twice in the same place. The first time was when we were inspired to cat our supper on the diner instead of waiting until we reached here to take the leftovers from the Bisons' grazing. I know that housekeeper hasn't a picture of her departed husband dangling, life-size, on the wall at the foot of the bed. But they always have. Good-night, son. Don't let the Bisons bite you. I'll be up at seven."

But it was just 6:30 a. m. when Emma McChesney turned the little bend in the stairway that led to the office. The scrub-woman was still in possession. The cigar-counter girl had not yet made her appearance. There was about the place a general air of the night before. All but the night clerk. He was as spruce and trim, and alert and smooth-shaven as only a night clerk can be after a night's vigil.

"Morning!" Emma McChesney called to him. She wore blue serge, and a smart fall hat. The late autumn morning was not crisp and sunnier than she.

"Good-morning, Mrs. McChesney," returned Mr. Sims, sonorously. "Have a good night's sleep? I hope the kitchen noise didn't wake you."

Emma McChesney paused with her hand on the door. "Kitchen?" Oh, no. I could sleep through a vaudeville china-juggling act. But—what an extraordinarily unpleasant-looking man that housekeeper's husband must have been."

"That November morning boasted all those qualities which November-morning writers are so prone to bestow upon the month. But the words wine, sparkle and sting, and glow, and snark do not seem to cover it. Emma McChesney stood on the bottom step, looking up and down Main street and breathing in great draughts of that unadmittable air. Her complexion stood the test of the merciless, astringent morning and came up triumphantly and healthily firm and pink and smooth. The town was still asleep. She started to walk briskly down the bare and ugly Main street of the little town. In her big, generous heart, and her keen, alert mind, there were many sensations and myriad thoughts, but varied and diverse as they were they all led back to the boy up there in the stuffy, over-crowded hotel room—the boy who was learning his lesson.

Half an hour later she reentered the hotel, her cheeks glowing. Jack was not yet down. So she ordered and ate her fruit and cautious breakfast of fruit and cereal and toast and coffee, skimming over her morning paper as she ate. At 7:30 she was back in the lobby, newspaper in hand. The Bisons were already astir. She seated herself in a deep chair in a quiet corner, her eyes glancing over the top of her paper toward the stairway. At eight o'clock Jack McChesney came down.

There was nothing of jauntiness about him. His eyelids were red. His face had the doughy look of one whose sleep has been brief and feverish. As

Maybe you know Sulzberg & Stein's big store? No! That's because you've always lived in the city. Old Sulzberg sends his buyers to the New York market twice a year, and they need two floor managers on the main floor now. The money those people spend for red and green decorations at Christmas time, and apple-blossoms and pink crepe paper shades in the spring must be something awful. Young Stein goes to Chicago to have his clothes made, and old Sulzberg likes to keep the traveling men waiting in the little ante-room outside his private office.

Jack McChesney finished his huge breakfast, strolled over to Sulzberg & Stein's, and inquired his way to the office, only to find that his mother was not yet there. There were three men in the little waiting-room. One of them was Fat Ed Meyers. His huge bulk overtopped the spindle-legged chair on which he sat. His brown eyes were in his hands. His eyes were on the closed door at the other side of the room. So were the eyes of the other two travelers. Jack took a vacant seat next to Fat Ed Meyers so that he might, in his mind's eye, pick out a particularly choice spot upon which his hard young fist might land—if only he had the chance. Breaking up a man's sleep like that, the great big overgrown mutt!

"What's your line?" said Ed Meyers, suddenly turning toward Jack.

Prompted by some limp "Skirts," answered Jack, "Ladies' petticoats."

"As if men ever wear 'em!" he giggled inwardly.

Ed Meyers shifted around in his chair so that he might better stare at this new foe in the field. His little red mouth was open ludicrously.

"Who're you out for?" he demanded next.

There was a look of Emma McChesney on Jack's face. "Why—er—the Union Underskirt and Hosiery company of Chicago. New concern."

"Must be," ruminated Ed Meyers. "I never heard of 'em, and I know 'em all. You're starting in young, ain't you, kid? Well, it'll never hurt you. You'll learn something new every day. Now me, I—"

In breezed Emma McChesney. Her quick glance rested immediately upon Meyers and the boy. And in that moment some instinct prompted Jack McChesney to shake his head, ever so slightly, and assume a blankness of expression. And Emma McChesney, with that shrewdness which had made her one of the best salesmen on the road, saw, and miraculously understood.

"How do, Mrs. McChesney," grinned Fat Ed Meyers. "You see I beat you to it."

"So I see," smiled Emma, cheerfully. "I was delayed. Just sold a nice little bill to Watkins down the street." She seated herself across the way, and kept her eyes on that closed door.

"Say, kid," Meyers began, in the husky whisper of the fat man, "I'm going to put you wise to something, seeing you're new to this game. See that lady over there?" He nodded discreetly in Emma McChesney's direction.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said Jack, appreciatively.

"Know who she is?"

for you, believe me. You take the word of an old stager like me and you won't go far—"

The door opened. Simultaneously three figures sprang into action. Jack held the nearest door. With marvelous clumsiness he managed to place himself in Ed Meyers' path, then reddened, began an apology, stepped on both of Ed's feet, jabbed his elbow into his stomach and dropped his hat. A second later the door of old Sulzberg's private office closed upon Emma McChesney's smart, erect, confident figure.

Now, Ed Meyers' hands were peculiar hands for a fat man. They were tapering, slender, delicate, blue-veined, temperamental hands. At this moment, despite his purpling face, and his staring eyes, they were the most noticeable thing about him. His fingers clawed the empty air, quivering, vibrant, as though poised to clutch at Jack's throat.

Then words came. They spluttered from his lips. They popped like corn kernels in the heat of his wrath; they tripped over each other; they exploded.

"You darned kid, you!" he began, with fascinating fluency. "You thousand-legged, double-jointed, oxfooted truck horse. Come on out of here, and I'll bleed the shine off your shoes, and you blue-eyed babe, you. What did you get up for, huh? What did you

think this was going to be—a flag drill?"

With a whoop of pure joy Jack McChesney turned and fled.

They dined together at one o'clock. Emma McChesney and her son Jack. Suddenly Jack stopped eating. His eyes were on the door.

"There's that fathead now," he said, excitedly. "The nerve of him! He's coming over here."

Ed Meyers was waddling toward them with the quick light step of the fat man. His pink, full-jowled face was glowing. His eyes were bright as a boy's. He stopped at their table and paused for one dramatic moment.

"So, me beauty, you two wire in cakoots, huh? That's the second low-down deal you've handed me. I haven't forgotten that trick you turned with Nussbaum at DeKalb. Never mind, little girl. I'll get back at you yet."

He nodded a contemptuous peek in Jack's direction. "Carrying a packer!" Emma McChesney wiped her fingers daintily on her napkin, crushed it on the table, and leaned back in her chair. "Men," she observed, wonder-

"His name," smiled Emma McChesney, "is Jack McChesney."

for you, believe me. You take the word of an old stager like me and you won't go far—"

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considered a hard case here, and there are more ways to pass me than speak to me, yet I would not have taken that oath to save my claim, not for all the claims in the Klondike." And I believed him. It is poor ground, indeed, where there is not some pay streak.—Youth's Companion.

Battle Cruiser.

In the British navy the fast armored cruiser of the dreadnaught type has now been definitely distinguished from other classes by the name "battle cruiser." The Germans, on the other hand, retain the name "Panzerkreuzer" for all armored cruisers alike. But the functions of the battle cruiser, as understood in Great Britain, are specific. She is neither a heavily armed cruiser nor a lightly armored and speedy battleship. She is sometimes traced to Italian influence, but she embodies the very antithesis of the Italian conception of including battleships and armored cruisers alike under the title of "nave di battaglia."

Driven to It.

"Do you want work?" "Yep," replied Plodding Pete. "If you'll gimme something light an' easy, I'll engage. I believe I kin get more rest as a regular hand than to go on beln' waylaid an' pestered by people that's tryin' to hire me."

Her Advantage.

"A ship has one paradoxical advantage in a storm."

"What's that?"

"No matter how she may lose her grip she generally manages to keep her hold."

Almost Synonymous.

Mrs. Blamprop—I gave Jim some of that compulsion of cod liver oil today.

Mrs. Highbrough—Emulsion, you mean, do you not?

Mrs. Blamprop—It seemed just the same.

The Reason.

"I believe most of these mountain-climbing records are fakes."

"Well, now, you couldn't expect mountain-climbing to be on the level, could you?"

WALTON WHITMAN'S OTHER SIDE

Poet on Several Occasions Showed Marked Conservatism in Writings and Actions.

With all of his radicalism, Walt Whitman was oftentimes conservative, wrote Thomas B. Harned in Case and Comment. This was because of his profound sense of justice. When the great Emperor William of Germany died, Whitman wrote a poem called "The Dead Emperor," which gave much offense to many of his radical friends, who could not see why a monarch should be called "a good old man—a faithful shepherd."

He had a great admiration for Queen Victoria. He said that for people should be eternally grateful for Victoria's sympathy for the union during the Civil war. "I, for one," he said, "feel strongly grateful to Victoria for the good outcome of that struggle—the war horrors and finally the preservation of our nationality."

He said words in defense of President Cleveland when there was criticism because he sent a present to the pope at the time of his jubilee.

I cite these cases to prove that Whitman believed in government, in law, in the acceptance of present conditions until we could better them. I remember in the year 1887 Sidney Morse, a sculptor from Boston, spent many days with Whitman in Camden making a bust of him. Morse had anarchistic tendencies. The day the Chicago anarchists were hanged he was very dependent. Whitman said to him: "It won't do, Sidney; we must have policemen, law, order and such things until the human critter can get along without them, and that is a long way off. We can't throw bombs, and kill people, even if they are policemen." Morse's sadness was increased because he failed to get any sympathy from Whitman.

Gas Refrigeration.

At a recent meeting of the Natural Gas association it was announced that complete gas refrigeration outfits would soon replace the ice chest. In the near future, it was predicted by the committee, the new machines will become one of the most economical appliances that can be installed. When it is necessary to keep the cooler or refrigerator cold, as the gas jets in the heater are lighted these jets impinge upon a tank in which is placed ammonia in a liquid form. This ammonia boils and vaporizes, the vapor being conducted through the refrigerator by means of coils, forming the cooling agent, upon the same principle that the great ice machines in breweries and other enterprises work.

How It Happened.

"He was severely injured in an auto accident, was he not?"

"Quite severely."

"Did he sue the driver of the auto?"

"No, he brought suit against a girl who had a block away stopped to tell her shoe. She was the reason he did not see the auto."

VIRGINIA VOTES 'DRY'

ANTI-LIQUOR FORCES OF SOUTH ERN STATE WIN BY 25,000 MAJORITY.

SENATE PASSES HARBOR BILL

Measure is Adopted Without a Division—Vote—Its Passage Closest Fight That Has Extended Over Several Months in Upper House.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 24.—Virginia will join the other "dry" states November 1, 1916, a majority of the voters of the state having cast their ballots in favor of state-wide prohibition. Anti-liquor forces carried the election by not less than 25,000.

The cities of Alexandria, Danville, Norfolk and Richmond were the only ones that gave a majority against state-wide prohibition. Richmond voted 4,237 for prohibition and 6,011 against. The vote in the 30 cities of the state was 21,726 for and 19,499 against state-wide prohibition.

Scattering returns from all the counties show heavy "dry" majorities.

The surprise of the day was the vote in Petersburg, 2,122 for state-wide prohibition and 1,123 against. The "wets" had figured on carrying the city as well as Newport News, which went "dry" by a vote of 1,024 to 761.

Roanoke joined the "dry" column with a vote of 2,329 for and 1,226 against, and the vote in Lynchburg was 1,710 for and 973 against.

Ninety of the 100 counties voted "dry" in previous local option contests.

The result of the election will cause the state to lose in revenue about seven hundred thousand dollars annually. It will cause all of the liquor manufacturing concerns to remove from the state.

Washington, Sept. 24.—The substitute rivers and harbors bill, carrying only \$20,000,000, was passed by the senate without a dissenting vote.

The passage of the bill closes a fight extending over several months in the senate.

Just before the passage of the measure Senator Stone of Missouri frankly acknowledged that the filibusterers had won. He predicted that the American people soon would demand adequate appropriations for the improvement of their waterways.

Senator Simmons, who has been in charge of the bill, criticized the "subsidy policy" of that measure would not last.

PROTECTS PRIVATE PROPERTY

Germans in France Post Proclamations Stating Peaceful Citizens Will Not Be Molested.

Jordeaux, Sept. 24.—Proclamations have been posted in all towns of France that are occupied by the Germans stating that private property will be protected and peaceful citizens will not be molested, but that any civilians acting in a way detrimental to the Germans will be shot. One of the proclamations given out by the war office reads as follows: "All authorities and the municipality are informed that every peaceful inhabitant can follow his regular occupation in full security. Private property will be absolutely respected and provisions made for it. If the population dare under any form whatever to take part in hostilities, the severest punishment will be inflicted on the refractory. The people must give up their arms. Every armed individual will be put to death. Whoever cuts telegraph wires, destroys railroad bridges or roads or commits any act in detriment to the Germans will be shot. Towns and villages whose inhabitants have taken part in any combat or who fire upon us from ambush will be burned down and the guilty shot at once. The civil authorities will be held responsible."

(Signed) "VON MOLTKE"

RUIN OF CATHEDRAL ACCIDENT

German Ambassador to U. S. Does Not Believe Teutons Intentionally Destroyed the Church.

New York, Sept. 24.—Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the United States, does not believe that the German army intentionally destroyed the cathedral at Reims. "It is preposterous to state that the destruction of the magnificent building was intentional," he said. "Personally," he added, "my sympathies are more aroused by the killing and wounding of the men who fought than by the damage to the building."

James Speyer, the banker, agreed with Count von Bernstorff that whatever harm was done to the Reims cathedral by German shells was unintentional. "It is a pity the magnificent building was damaged," he said. "It can never be replaced."

Alleged Defaulter Is Killed.

Norristown, Pa., Sept. 24.—Charles Dallas, the \$20-a-week clerk charged with having appropriated to his own use \$90,000 belonging to the jewelry firm of L. P. White & Co., Philadelphia, was killed by train.

Lost Girl Returns Home.

Escanaba, Mich., Sept. 24.—With her clothes torn to shreds, wild of eyes and with her mind completely unbalanced, Lillian Krouse, twenty-two, returned to her home after wandering through swamps.

Big California Banks Fail.

Centralla, Cal., Sept. 23.—The United States National bank, with deposits of more than one million dollars, and the Union Loan and Trust company, with deposits of \$250,000, failed to open their doors Monday.

Arrests Clear Up Robbery.

Chicago, Sept. 22.—The arrest of three young men with thirty-one \$100 bills and jewelry valued at \$6,000 cleared up the sensational robbery of Mrs. Nellie Clark's home in Kankakee on September 18.

Belmont's Racers Seized.

New York, Sept. 22.—August Belmont stated that five of his valuable thoroughbreds in France have been seized by the French army. The horses were Volante, Ravali, Dramatist, King Cade and Bayard III.

Gold Ship Returns October 1.

London, Sept. 22.—The American cruiser Tennessee will start for America about October 1, carrying home virtually all of the army officers who came over to Europe on government relief work.

How It Happened.

"He was severely injured in an auto accident, was he not?"

"Quite severely."

"Did he sue the driver of the auto?"

"No, he brought suit against a girl who had a block away stopped to tell her shoe. She was the reason he did not see the auto."



"Come on out of here and I'll lick the shine off your shoes."

sa. This spot on my coat is where a Bison drank his beer."

Emma McChesney folded her paper and snarled. "It is sort of trying, I suppose, if you're not used to it."

"Used to it!" shouted the outraged Jack. "Used to it! Do you mean to tell me there's nothing unusual about—"

"Not a thing. Oh, of course you don't strike a bunch of Bisons every day. But it happens a good many times. The world is full of ancient orders and they're everlastingly getting together and drawing up resolutions and electing officers. Don't you think you'd better go in to breakfast before the Bisons begin to forage? I've had mine."

The gloom which had overspread Jack McChesney's face lifted a little. The hungry boy in him was uppermost. "That's so. I'm going to have some wheat cakes, and steak, and eggs, and coffee, and fruit, and toast, and rolls."

"Why slight the fish?" inquired his mother. Then, as he turned toward the dining room, "I've two letters to get out. Then I'm going down the street to see a customer. I'll be up at the Sulzberg-Stein department store at nine sharp. There's no use trying to see old Sulzberg before ten, but I'll be there, anyway, and so will Ed Meyers, or I'm no skirt salesman. I want you to meet me there. It will do you good to watch how the overripe orders just drop, ker-plunk, into my lap."

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

Madison, Wis., Sept. 22.—President Wilson is being urged to attend the meeting of the governors' conference which will be held in Madison in November, when western governors will present their case against federal control of natural resources within the state.

Washington, Sept. 19.—Indications are that the commercial apple crop of the United States this year will be far in excess of that of last year, but smaller than that of 1912 by several million barrels, according to an announcement made by the department of agriculture. Department officials say the problem of distribution will be complex, owing to conditions resulting from the European war.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 24.—The Southern Pacific was fined \$1,000 in the United States district court on a charge of rebating. The railroad was convicted of transporting fruit for the Redlands Golden Orange association of Redlands to Chicago and St. Louis at rates lower than those offered other shippers.

WATERWAYS SHIPPERS MEET

Over One Thousand Men Interested in Shipping Attend Convention in New York City.

New York, Sept. 22.—About a thousand men interested in shipping are here for the first session of the seventh annual convention of the Atlantic Deepwater Waterways association. The meetings will last five days. The sessions will be held mostly on shipboard. Beginning tomorrow all the business sessions and entertainment features for four days will be aboard the Hudson river steamer Berkshire. The delegates registered this morning and this afternoon are official welcoming, addresses by guests and the annual reports. The delegates were officially welcomed by the city fathers.

Police Kill Man in Pistol Duel.

New York, Sept. 24.—A revolver duel in a crowded Brooklyn street between John Tutty, a "gunman," and three police officers resulted in the killing of Tutty and the accidental shooting of Charles Tannert.

Cattle Wreck Passenger Train.

Green Bay, Wis., Sept. 24.—Running into a drove of cattle at a point near Bowler, Wis., passenger train No. 112 on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad was wrecked. Engineer Hull and Fireman Paude were scalped.

Excessive Heat Causes 3 Deaths.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 23.—Three sudden deaths from heart failure, believed to have been aggravated by the unreasonable heat were reported to Coroner Durham on Monday afternoon.

Respect Swiss Neutrality.

Bordeaux, Sept. 23.—The fleets of the allies control the Atlantic, Mediterranean and North sea, according to an official navy department statement published in the Moniteur de la Flotte Monday.

Famous Wisconsin Man Dead.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Sept. 21.—Judge Norman S. Gibson, aged seventy-five, former chairman of the Wisconsin state tax commission, died at 6:30 o'clock this morning from heart trouble, after being ill less than 24 hours.

Paris, Sept. 22.—A dispatch to the Havas agency from Bern says that, in reply to Switzerland's declaration of neutrality, France, Germany and Austria have affirmed their intention to respect that neutrality.

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WOOD AND COAL YARDS

Kings Are Close Kin.
Analyze the blood relationship existing between the monarchs of the warring nations of Europe, and the great conflict now in progress between strictly a family quarrel. Involving particularly the children and grandchildren of the gentle Victoria. George V of England, William II of Germany and the czar of Russia are all grandchildren of Victoria. So are the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia; the duke of Saxe-Coburg, the grand duke of Hesse; Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, and the three princes of the house of Battenburg, all of whom are officers in the German army. On the English side is another of Victoria's grandchildren, Prince Arthur of Connaught, who will oppose his cousin, the Kaiser.

Should Norway become involved, another grandchild, Queen Maud, sister of King George, would be brought into the conflict. Greece would add another in the person of Queen Sophia, sister to Kaiser Wilhelm. Spain would add one more, Queen Victoria Eugenie. Czar Nicholas and his empress are both first cousins of King George, and his whole family has intermarried so thoroughly with the German royal houses that in blood the Romanoffs are as German as the Kaiser. Franz Josef of Austria is connected by many blood ties with both the Kaiser and the czar and by both blood and marriage with King Leopold of Belgium. France alone, as a republic, has no blood ties with the other nations, though if the Bonaparte and Bourbon pretenders should be counted, she would be related to all the other royal families.

Each of the four great emperors at war—George, William, Nicholas and Franz Josef—finds himself in the position of a soldier fighting against his own regiments and his own commander-in-chief. Each of them bears military rank in the armies and navies of the others. The Kaiser is a colonel of the Imperial Russian bodyguard, admiral of the Russian fleet, colonel of the first British Royal dragoon, and first admiral in the English navy. Nicholas is colonel of the Prussian grenadiers of the guard and a German admiral. George is also admiral in the German navy and colonel of the Prussian cuirassiers. Franz Josef holds similar titles in the military establishments of his present enemies.

Here are some of the ties of kinship that do not bind the European nations together:

King George V is first cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm, the czar and czarina of Russia, King Haakon of Norway, King Christian of Denmark, Queen Victoria of Spain, brother, Queen Maud of Norway, and nephew of King Constantine of Greece.

Kaiser Wilhelm is first cousin to King George, brother of Queen Sophia of Greece, nephew of the English duke of Connaught, and second cousin of Czar Nicholas.

Czar Nicholas is first cousin to King George, cousin of the Kaiser, nephew of King Christian of Denmark and King Haakon of Norway. Brother-in-law to the grand duke of Hesse, and cousin by marriage to Franz Josef of Austria, King Nicholas of Montenegro, Queen Helena of Italy, and first cousin to Crown Princess Cecile of Germany.

King Haakon of Norway and King Christian X of Denmark are brothers first cousins of King George and King Constantine of Greece, uncle of the czar and nephew of the king of Sweden, as well as related in many ways to the Kaiser.

King Albert of Belgium is related by blood to Emperor Franz Josef and King Alfonso of Spain.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is son-in-law to the king of Montenegro. Emperor Franz Josef is a third cousin of King Alfonso and related in many ways to Kaiser Wilhelm and Czar Nicholas—Rocky Mountain News.

"CURING DRUG HABIT."
"If a drug fiend wants to quit quickly, let him commit a crime that will send him to Waupun," half-jokingly remarked Dr. Rock Sleyter, former physician of the state prison. Most experienced physicians hold that sudden and complete removal of a habit forming drug is dangerous to the victim. In ordinary circumstances it undoubtedly is. At Waupun, however, it has been the invariable practice of Dr. Sleyter, and he never saw even so much as an alarming symptom. Not once did he give an ounce of whiskey or a fractional grain dose of cocaine, morphine, or other similar drug.

His explanation is interesting and suggestive. A drug habit is mostly a mental habit. So long as the patient thinks he requires a drug, he does. In ordinary institutions, particularly in private hospitals and sanatoria, he expects some consideration. But Waupun has an ordinary medical institution. The first step in treatment begins when the outside gate clangs shut. The prisoner knows that with that clang-like sound the death knell has been sounded upon his ordinary "rights."

"We understand criminal nature, and convicts know that we understand them. They quit trying to coax us with whining that elicits sympathy outside. At the same time they quit sympathizing with themselves. It's wonderful how that shut belt in the prison gate stifles up their spinal columns."

"When they are told they can't have drugs and whiskey, they know that they can't. Knowing that they can't, they adapt themselves to the change and accept the rule."

"The ordinary drug fiend may collapse upon sudden complete withdrawal of the drug. The collapse may be real and most alarming to the physician. There has never been a collapse at Waupun from the same cause."

It's interesting to observe how many of our inmates arrive in an intoxicated condition. The officers bringing them are frequently most sympathetic and cannot resist the appeals for "just one more drink" before they are shut off for years or for life. If the same brand of sympathy were allowed to rule inside the institution Waupun would be in a fine mess."

Family Jar.
"Providence intended me for a leader of fashion."
"Providence intended you for a fool!"
"Well, whether Providence did or not you got me."—Houston Post.

CURING MEAT ON THE FARM.
Useful Recipes for the Economical and Satisfactory Preservation of Beef and Pork.

The best way to eat meat is to eat it while fresh, for there is no way of preserving it that will retain all the nutrition and all the flavor. It is, nevertheless, frequently desirable to cure meat at home, and there is no reason why this can not be done satisfactorily and economically. Salt, sugar or molasses, baking soda, and a little saltpetre are the only ingredients necessary.

Ordinarily the curing of meat should be begun from 24 to 36 hours after the animal is slaughtered. This allows sufficient time for the animal heat to leave the meat entirely, but not sufficient to permit decay to set in.

Once the meat is tainted, no amount of preservatives will bring back its proper flavor. On the other hand, if salt is applied too soon, obnoxious gases will be retained and the meat will possess an offensive odor. It is also impossible to obtain good results when the meat is frozen.

Three useful recipes for popular forms of cured meat are given below. The only equipment necessary for them are the ingredients already mentioned and a clean hardwood barrel, or a large stone jar or crock. In considering these recipes it is well to remember that, on the whole, brine-cured meats are best for farm use. They are less trouble against insects and vermin. A cool, moist cellar is the best place for brine curing. The cellar should be dark and tight enough to prevent flies and vermin.

Recipes for Curing:

Corned Beef.—The pieces commonly used for corned are the plate, rump, cross ribs, and brisket, or, in other words, the cheaper cuts of meat. The joints, ribs, and other fancy cuts are more often used fresh, and since there is more or less waste of nutrients in corning, this is well. The pieces for corning should be cut into convenient-sized joints, say 5 or 6 inches square. It should be the aim to cut them all about the same thickness, so that they will make an even layer in the barrel.

Meat from fat animals makes choicer corned beef than that from poor animals. When the meat is thoroughly cooled it should be corning as soon as possible, as any decay in the meat is likely to spoil the brine during the corning process. Under no circumstances should the meat be brined while it is frozen. Weigh out the meat and allow 8 pounds of salt to each 100 pounds; sprinkle a layer of salt one-quarter of an inch in depth over the bottom of the barrel; pack in as closely as possible the cuts of meat, making a layer 5 or 6 inches in thickness; then put on a layer of salt, following that with another layer of meat; repeat until the meat and salt have all been packed in the barrel, care being used to reserve salt enough for a good layer over the top. After the package has stood over night add, for every 100 pounds of meat, 4 pounds of sugar, 2 ounces of baking soda, and 4 ounces of saltpetre dissolved in a gallon of tepid water. Three gallons more of water should be sufficient to cover this quantity. In case more or less than 100 pounds of meat is to be corning, make the brine in the proportion given. A loose board cover, weighted down with a heavy stone or piece of iron, should be put on the meat to keep all of it under the brine. In case any "drip" occurs, it would start, and the "drip" would spoil in a short time.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept until the summer season, it would be well to watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to beropy or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added, after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment, and unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this source. The meat should be kept in the brine 28 to 30 days to secure thorough corning.

Dried Beef.—The round is commonly used for dried beef, the inside of the thigh being considered the choicest piece, as it is slightly more tender than the outside of the round. The round should be cut lengthwise of the grain of the meat in preparing for dried beef, so that the muscle fibers may be cut crosswise when the dried beef is sliced to be ready use. A tight jar or cask is necessary for curing. The process is as follows: To each 100 pounds of meat weigh out 5 pounds of salt, 3 pounds of granulated sugar, and 2 ounces of saltpetre; mix thoroughly together. Rub the meat on all surfaces with a third of the mixture and pack it in the jar as tightly as possible. Allow it to remain three days, when it should be removed and rubbed again with another third of the mixture. In repacking put at the bottom the pieces that were on top the first time. Let stand for three days, when they should be removed and rubbed with the remaining third of the mixture and allowed to stand for three days more. The meat is then ready to be removed from the pickle. The liquid forming in the jars should not be removed, but the meat should be re-packed in the liquid each time. After being removed from the pickle the meat should be smoked and hung in a dry attic or near the kitchen fire where the water will evaporate, so that it may be used at any time after smoking, although the longer it hangs in the dry atmosphere the drier it will get. The drier the climate, in general, the more easily meats can be dried. In arid regions good dried meat can be made by exposing it fresh to the air, with protection from flies.

Plain Salt Pork.—Rub each piece of meat with fine common salt and pack closely in a barrel. Let stand over night. The next day weigh out 10 lbs. of salt and 2 ounces of saltpetre to each 100 pounds of meat and dissolve in 4 gallons of boiling water. Pour this brine over the meat when cold, cover, and weight down to keep it under the brine. Meat will pack best if cut into pieces about 6 inches square. The pork should be kept in the brine till used.

Sugar-cured Hams and Bacon.—When the meat is cooled, rub each piece with salt and allow it to drain over night. Then pack it in a barrel with the hams and shoulders in the bottom, using the strips of bacon to fill in between or to put on top. Weigh out for each 100 pounds of

meat 8 pounds of salt, 2 pounds of brown sugar, and 2 ounces of saltpetre. Dissolve all in 4 gallons of water, and cover the meat with the brine. For summer use it will be safest to boil the brine before using. In that case it should be thoroughly cooled before it is used. For winter curing it is not necessary to boil the brine. Bacon strips should remain in this brine four to six weeks; hams six to eight weeks. This is a standard recipe and has given the best of satisfaction. Hams and bacon cured in the spring will keep right thru the summer after they are smoked. The meat will be sweet and palatable if it is properly smoked, and the flavor will be good.

The Romance of the Potato.

Is there a dining table in the civilized world that knows not the potato? Carlyle once declared that "the biggest gold nugget ever found was never half so useful to the world as one good mealy potato." And yet the potato had a hard fight for recognition.

It is probable that the potato was originally an American plant, its use became universal thru its adoption as an article of food in Europe. Who introduced it into Europe? There are many claimants for the honor. Some say that it was the naturalist Clusius who planted the tuber in 1583 but the Spaniards tell a different story, for their records say that the plant was brought from South America into Spain about 1580. They declare that it was taken from Spain into Italy and Belgium, and that it was from a Belgian that Clusius obtained his roots.

There are other stories to be heard, however. Sir John Hawkins on returning from St. Peter in 1563 had with him some potatoes, but it is more than probable that they were yams or "sweet potatoes" the same that Columbus described as "not unlike chestnuts in flavor." Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have the real potato from Virginia in 1586, but his claim is disputed, and it is asserted that the genuine "Irish" potato is a native of Chile.

Tradition says that Sir Francis Drake made a present of some potato roots to Raleigh, who planted them in his garden in County Cork in 1594 but it is not until 1510 that we have authentic record of potatoes in Ireland. In 1597 a book on herbal medicine was written by Gerard, the frontispiece to which was a portrait of the author, holding a potato in his hand.

When potatoes were first raised for food, it was the "seed" or "apple" that was used, and it was some time before the tuber was found to be the most delicious food.

Up to the end of the seventeenth century the potato was out of the reach of people of moderate incomes. It is recorded that in 1662 potatoes were sold at one shilling (twenty-five cents) a pound in the London markets, but the sale was small, because so many people believe that the potato caused leprosy and fever. Others declared that they were endangering their souls if they ate the potato, since the tuber was not mentioned in the Bible.

The late Duke of Argyll in his history of Scotland says that little or nothing was known of the potato in Scotland until long past the middle of the eighteenth century. The Duke of Buccleuch, in "Household Book" for the year 1701, speaks of the potato as "an excellent of great rarity."

Hugh Miller, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," says that his maternal grandfather, about the year 1746, used to bring home in his pocket some three or four potatoes as great rarities grown by the garden, for he was a friend of the head gardener at Balmahon Castle. Thomas Carlyle tells us that his father got possession of four potatoes, and knew so little about them that he hid them away for a possible time of want, and that potatoes were saved to be eaten at Halloween. There is no doubt that the Irish were the first people to recognize the value of the potato as a staple article of food.

Invisible Indians.

All Indians seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking, by means of making themselves invisible like or like spiders, which, in case of alarm caused, for example, by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct.—John Muir in Atlantic.

An Elusive Water Lily.

The water lily of the Amazon has very elusive habits. The buds open twice, the first time just a chink at the tip in the early sunrise hours, a sort of premonitory symptom. On the following evening it spreads its four sepals with such alacrity that you can see the bud move. But the white bud among them remains unopened until 4 o'clock in the morning, when it briefly spreads its blossom wide open, remaining in this condition only half an hour. Within the hour it has nearly closed, and by another hour and a half the entire flower has been drawn under water by the coiling of the stalk.

Diamonds.

Diamonds were first brought to Europe from the east, where the mine of Sumatrapoor was the first known Golconda, now in ruins, was once a celebrated diamond mart. The mines of Brazil were discovered in 1728 and for a long time furnished most of the diamonds of commerce. In 1857 diamonds were discovered in Cape Colony, and in 1870 the wonderful finds in the Transvaal were made which resulted in the immense fortunes of the late Cecil Rhodes and others. Most of the diamonds of the world are now furnished by the South African fields.—New York American.

A Crusher.

"Yes, sir," said the trust magnate promptly, "I am the architect of my own fortune."

"Well," rejoined the friendly critic "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you that you are no building inspector around when you are constructing it."—Chicago News.

LOSS FROM WHITE GRUBS.

"If the farmers of Wisconsin will plow, as soon as possible, the fields upon which they intend to raise, next year, corn, or other crops which are grown in hills, they very likely will save themselves thousands of dollars."

This is the appeal while Hjaoms G. Sanders, Entomologist for the University Agricultural Experiment Station is making to the farmers of the state.

The saving will come from the destruction of millions of white grubs, the worm stage of the June beetles which are now in the ground and which unless killed, will do untold damage to young crops next spring and summer.

Mr. Sanders predicts that, unless control measures are soon adopted, the loss by these pests next season will be exceedingly heavy.

"As June beetles, these pests," says Mr. Sanders, "do but very little harm, but next spring, as full grown grubs, they will be capable of doing untold damage, feeding almost entirely on living roots, preferably corn, timothy potatoes and strawberries."

While June beetles in themselves are harmless, they are of course responsible for the white grubs which do so much damage to growing crops. They lay their eggs in land covered with vegetation during the time of their flights, which is in May or June. Consequently lands in small grains, timothy and such other crops as cover the ground, as well as land which was overgrown with weeds at that time, is most likely to be infested with grubs.

While fall plowing and deep disking are of great value in destroying the grubs, Mr. Sanders does not recommend them as entirely satisfactory means of eradicating these pests. In addition to this precaution, farmers should carefully plan their rotation for next year so as to plant only those crops which are least susceptible to the grubs, such as small grains, clover, vetch, etc., on land that was covered with heavy vegetation last spring.

Cornfields which were kept cultivated and free from weeds last season may be planted to corn, or potatoes next spring with a reasonable degree of safety.

The grubs have been found this year in the northern part of the state and in some of the potato growing districts where they have never been seen before. Mr. Sanders is working on new methods of control, but as yet it is too early to predict what results will come from his experiments.

TOWER HILL.

A Noted London Spot, the Scene of Many Famous Occurrences.

Tower Hill is perhaps both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all London. Few of us think what great persons have quietly lived there and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it.

To it, or rather to Great Tower street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune teller, while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, farseeing rogue, who, when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the Duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this hill in a house close to London wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1685—a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily. In an upper room of the Bull tavern. This was the ill-fated Orway. At the time when the son of the mutes lay dead Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own pitiful sorrows in "Venice Preserved."

It was in Great Tower street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion, Lord Carmarthen.—London Standard.

ATHLETIC DEVOTIONS.

Gymnastic Exercises That Impressed the Kurdish Villagers.

Every man is liable to be misunderstood, even gymnastic exercises. This truth was brought home to George H. Hopworth, and he tells his experience in "Through Armenia on Horseback." The author was stopping in a Kurdish village, and the inn possessed but one general living room.

In the morning I began my regular gymnastics, stooping until my fingers touched the floor, throwing my arms about like the spokes of a wheel, striking out from the shoulder and going through all the exercises, none of which I even omitted. I would gladly have taken a sponge bath, but it would have been impossible to get enough water. A pint is enough to suffocate a Turk.

Well, I got under way with my exercises when I saw that my audience was excited; conversation dropped into a whisper, then ceased; word passed from one to another, and one by one the occupants of the room quietly left. I feared that they were offended and wanted to call them back and apologize. Just then my dragonan entered, laughing.

"What has happened?" I asked. He laughed the harder as he replied: "The Kurds think you are practicing devotional religious exercises, and they retired under the impression that you would regard their presence as an intrusion."

Hotel Martin

Milwaukee's newest. Ernst Geranbach, Prop. John J. Sweeney, Mgr.

Take care of your hair now and keep it. Don't wait until it is gone, for it can't be replaced. It is a battle of life.

Menitol

HAIR TONIC

Use it according to directions, and you will find it the best of all hair tonics. We don't claim that it will grow hair on a bald head, but it will keep your hair at its very best. We positively guarantee that. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. For sale by

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EXCLUSIVE AGENT

Use it according to directions, and you will find it the best of all hair tonics. We don't claim that it will grow hair on a bald head, but it will keep your hair at its very best. We positively guarantee that. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. For sale by

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JOHN E. DALY

GRAND RAPIDS.

The Most Up-to-Date City For Its Size in the State.

Situated in the geographical centre of the state and surrounded by abundant agricultural and industrial resources, Grand Rapids maintains its position as the liveliest and most promising city in this section of Wisconsin. Its water power is unlimited, its climate is unsurpassed from the standpoint of the health seeker, and its railroad facilities rank with any metropolis.

Grand Rapids is in the heart of one of the largest cranberry regions in the world and many other products of the soil of Wood county are comparing most favorably with the rich crops of the southern border of the state.

The city has four railroads with twenty-four passenger trains daily, and an interurban street car line runs between Grand Rapids and Nekeosha.

With an up-to-date system of city electric lights and waterworks, as well as an efficient telephone company, the people may have all the modern improvements in their homes, and at moderate rates.

Five blocks in the down town district are paved, and there are about 100 acres devoted to parks.

The educational advantages of the city are excellent, there being one high school, four grade schools, a fine manual Training school, six parochial schools, one business college, and a county training school. A well equipped public library benefits hundreds of readers.

In the amusement line, Grand Rapids has one opera house, three smaller theatres, a good ball park, and a large amusement hall, besides a large artificial swimming pool and plenty of beautiful spots along the river for out-of-door enjoyment. No better boating, fishing, and scenery can be found than right along the old Wisconsin River.

In taking a bird's-eye-view of the business and industry of Grand Rapids we find four banks, three newspaper establishments, two box factories, one saw-mill, one large flour mill, one hub and spoke factory, one iron foundry, one wagon factory, several machine shops, three garages, one cement block factory, brick yards, furniture factory, one steam laundry, one plant engaged in the manufacture of heating systems, one large packing plant, one brewery, and two lumber yards. Grand Rapids is the home of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper Co., one of the largest and best equipped paper mills in the country. The company owns another large mill at Byron, four miles up the river.

The city has a good police force, and two excellent fire departments. The postal accommodations are as good as can be found anywhere, there being a fine new post-office building and mail delivery twice a day in the business section and twice a day in the residence section. The population according to the census of 1910 was 6521, or a gain of 45 per cent since 1900.

The past few years have been years of progress and improvement in every line. Those who left the city five years ago come back and marvel at the changes during so short a time. Settlers who were once skeptical are now only too willing to cast their lot in Wood county, and the great majority of them find success.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

F. N. BRUMBAUGH, Sales Mgr.

508 Minahan Building

Green Bay, Wis.

YOUR FORTUNE

The men who built the world's greatest fortunes started with practically nothing and accumulated their first money by saving part of their earnings even though it was a small amount.

John D. Rockefeller learned the value of a dollar early in life and if he had not had due regard for the first dollar earned he would never have built up his immense fortune.

Your first dollar deposited now with the Wood County National Bank will bring comfort in years to come.

Wood County National Bank

Grand Rapids, Wis.

Capital and Surplus \$200,000.00

The most sought for object in the world and the cause of most of the world's misery and unhappiness. Read

Fine Feathers

a startling, gripping story of the modern American desire for riches. Our next serial. Every installment interesting!

Don't Make a Mistake

We all make mistakes occasionally. But the man who goes on making the same mistake continually is, to say the least, not a very wise man.

One of the easiest mistakes in the world to make is to buy inferior lumber at the same price that the very best would cost you. If you don't know that we are perfect cranks on quality, and that you can buy a much better grade of lumber here at the same price lower grade material would cost you elsewhere, then you have something yet to learn.

But don't make the mistake of not investigating and getting our prices before you buy again.

W. A. Marling Lumber Co.

M. G. GORDON, Manager

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WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE EUROPEAN WAR?

By Prof. M. H. Jackson.

No one man did it. No one nation is to blame. For years they have all been arming up according to their necessities. England's long coast line has made her a necessary thing. Germany has developed a tremendous fighting machine on land to be ready for her sworn enemies there, and was rapidly building up a navy to compete with the strongest on the sea. Germany's merchant marine was getting in fast on England's commercial supremacy. This fact was causing endless jealousy on the British side.

The murder of the Arch Duke of Austria was only the spark that started the fire that ran to the cannon cracker. If the cracker had not been there it would not have exploded.

Over there, I heard nothing but blame for Germany and the Kaiser. The cause of the whole conflagration was laid at the Kaiser's door. I was not surprised to hear it there, but I was surprised on reaching America to find that our newspapers were copying London censored dispatches as the whole story. When we remember that cables between Germany and the United States were cut early in the game so that all news at first had to go thru London and Paris it is not to be wondered at that a one-sided view of the situation went into the American press.

It is not necessary for me to review the formation of the two triple war camps of Europe with their competitive building of armaments and drilling of armies. You all know about it. In these war preparations Germany took the lead, but a glance at the map will reveal her need. Hostile nations on the east and southwest and a hostile fleet patrolling the North Sea made it necessary for Germany to act quickly when the time came, and she certainly was ready. Had she not drilled for it and prepared for it very carefully she would now be coked up in her own country to be followed in and beaten or starved into submission. As it was she smashed her way out thru the "neck of the bottle" as soon as Russia began mobilizing and before a large army could be collected to oppose her. She expected to force her way quickly down to Paris and then suggest peace, but the unexpected defense at Liege caused delay and now the Lord only knows how long the war will continue. Germany wanted and expected a short war when she started. Her diplomats thought they had England neutral, and that Germany could at least pay toll across Belgium, so she opened up before the others could "peel their coats." But diplomacy failed. Germany found herself facing big odds after there was no way out. Even Italy, a part of her friendly alliance of powers, refused to help.

One fact every one should understand, and that is that this war is commercial. It is dollars! England does not want peace now until the German fleet is demolished or captured. I heard that on every hand in London and Liverpool. Germany has been beating out the "Mistress of the Seas" in the trading game and it hurts. The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American ships have been competing successfully with the International Mercantile Marine, and it hurts! In order to protect her merchant marine, Germany has built war ships rapidly and expensively and that too hurts. "Britannia Rules the Wave" is a popular piece of music and it must not be allowed to back number itself.

I am not discussing the Russo, Italian, Japo, Servia, Austria, Turkey parts in the mess. It is all too big. France is now on the defensive, and our sympathies naturally go to her ruined houses, but France is not without sin. In Paris four years ago I saw the statue in mourning for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and heard Frenchmen tell how an innocent younger German generation must be punished for what an older generation had done to their fathers. A deep seated desire for revenge has kept up the war spirit for forty-four long years, and both Germany and France have slept with finger on the trigger, each ready to jump into the trenches at the first sign of trouble. Germany pulled the trigger first. She may have been hasty, but all Europe was ready to jump, and each was watching for the right time and the right place to strike.

I am not saying that Germany or any other nation is right. They are all wrong. Our twentieth century Christian civilization should have developed better conditions than those, but it has not done so, and we must not scapegoat the responsibility for it off on any one nation. Over here we are getting ourselves on the back and handing ourselves bouquets because we are leaders in peace, but it must be remembered that our armament requirements are not what they are in Europe. Two big oceans and boundless internal resources are "great forces that lead to righteousness." If we were plunged in between two hostile nations, we would certainly arm up. Even as it is, we are right now asking for more and better war equipment so as to be "ready for emergencies." See? We should not take sides too violently in this awful smash. People are sensitive when "Fatherland" or "Mother-Country" is made to bear more than her just share of blame.

My sympathies are with the hundreds of millions of people of those countries who have had no voice in all these war preparations or with the war declarations. My sympathies are also with unborn babies who will bear the burdens of taxation to pay the bills during many long dreary years to come. The thoughts of desolate homes and orphaned children ought to stir our hearts to sympathy for every nation at war, and we should be able to judge impartially and without prejudice the people themselves while we condemn the system that has seemed to make armaments necessary and war inevitable.—The Marshfield Herald.



A Story for all Thinking Men and Women

Time Treathers

A Novelization of Eugene Walter's Famous Drama by Webster Denison

PRETTY, young wife wants fine clothes and a luxurious living; her husband cannot afford to give them to her honestly. He finally satisfies her desires at the cost of his honor and in the end he **pays the price**. You've seen this situation yourself many times probably.

A big, gripping, realistic story that handles the theme without gloves—a startling picture of the extent to which the lust for wealth—the get-rich-quick idea—spreads its poison through the whole structure of character.

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You'll Find It Well Worth Reading!

LOCAL ITEMS.

Chas. Fritz is visiting with his daughter at Watertown for a week. Louis Schall sold his Ford touring car on Saturday to Mr. Rozell of Hancock.

C. A. Ludwig of Pittsfield was a business visitor in the city on Saturday.

Baled hay and baled straw for sale at Nash Hdq. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dudley visited with relatives at Merrill on Sunday.

Albert Kluge has been confined to his home the past week with sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. August Sutor of Marshfield were visitors in the city on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ragan were visitors in Milwaukee on Saturday and Sunday.

George F. Krieger left on Friday for Chicago to be gone several days on business.

Miss Augusta Duchow was a guest of Mrs. Harry Stratta at Wautoma the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Rossier moved into their new bungalow in the Lyon Park Addition on Saturday.

Mrs. L. J. Cole of Rhinelander was in the city on Friday and Saturday visiting with old time friends.

Herman Beell of Marshfield spent Saturday and Sunday in the city visiting at the J. A. Lutz home.

George Ward, of Green Bay was in the city on Monday to attend the funeral of his friend, E. C. Ketchum.

Miss Beth Lamberton has accepted the position of stenographer at the office of Attorney Geo. L. Williams.

Mrs. O. R. Moore returned from Merrill on Friday, having been called there by the sickness of a relative.

Will Burt left Sunday for Escanaba, Mich., where he will spend a week playing with the band in that city.

Mrs. F. O. Ray and Miss Lois Evelyn of Marshfield spent Sunday in the city the guests of Mrs. George DeLap.

Dean Brundage spent Sunday in Stevens Point visiting his sister, Miss Dorothy, who is attending normal school there.

Louis Fournier returned last week from a trip to Canada, where he had been visiting with relatives for several weeks.

John Dorney of Washington, D. C. left for home last week after visiting his parents and other relatives in this city for a week.

Chester Severance and sister, Myrtle departed on Monday for a two weeks visit with relatives and friends in Bemidji, Minn.

Fred Smith, of Milwaukee who has been a guest of his brothers, Chas. and J. D. for a week returned to his home on Monday.

Walter Griffin of Warrens was operated on at the Riverside hospital on Sunday for the removal of an abscess on the lung.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Leroux of Port Edwards were in the city on Monday evening to attend the play 45 Minutes From Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Coyle returned on Saturday from LaFarge where they had been visiting with friends and relatives for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Clausen and Mrs. Bert Smith visited with friends in Milwaukee several days last week.

Lloyd Lemley, who had been visiting with friends and relatives in this city for a week, returned to his home at Batavia, Ill., on Wednesday.

Messrs. Albert Gilmeister, Chas. Eberhardt and R. Muehlstein accompanied by their families drove to Marshfield on Sunday in their autos.

Prof. M. H. Jackson of the Wood County Normal will deliver a lecture at Stevens Point next Friday evening on the subject "Peace and War in Europe."

The Carey Concrete Co. shipped the last car load of poured concrete blocks last week for a 34x50 potato warehouse which is being built at Westboro by the Farmers' Co-Operative association.

R. J. Walsh of Adams county arrived in the city on Friday expecting to spend about a week in this vicinity. Mr. Walsh reports that everything in Adams county this year and that the farmers are feeling quite prosperous.

Wm. Jantz of Sherry was in the city on Monday looking after some business matters and while here favored the Tribune office with a pleasant call. Mr. Jantz expects to hold an auction sale at his place in the near future, and after selling out intends to go into the automobile business.

Misses Ella Hasbrouck, Ines Reichel and Helen Taylor returned during the past week from their European trip. Misses Reichel and Hasbrouck returning on Saturday and Miss Taylor on Sunday. They report a very enjoyable and instructive trip and are well pleased with their outing.

Miss Hanna Hanson was taken to Riverside Hospital on Monday to undergo an operation for appendicitis. At last reports she was getting along nicely. O. S. Hanson, father of Miss Hanson, Theodore Hanson and Christ Nelson of Strong's Prairie drove up on Monday, having been called here by the young lady's illness.

Erwin Smith, captain of the high school football team, had the misfortune to break his collar bone during a practice game one evening last week. Since the accident he has been compelled to carry his arm in a sling, but has been getting along all right and it is expected that it will not be long before he will be able to use the arm again.

Mrs. E. C. Wilke of the town of Rudolph was among the business callers at the Tribune office on Saturday. Mrs. Wilke reports that they were digging their potatoes out her way and that the crop was turning out pretty good, notwithstanding that the season has not been considered a very good one. She also reports that the light frosts of last week had not hurt things to any extent.

The Children's Friend.

—Barker's Remedy for coughs, colds and sore throat is the best medicine for the home. For sale by Sam Church, Johnson & Hill Co. and Edw. M. Coyle.

Legal blanks for sale at this office.

Joe Zabawa, who is employed near Janesville in charge of one of the Warner dredges arrived in the city on Saturday to visit several days with his family.

Claus Johnson is engaged in improving his home on First Ave. South by putting a basement under the house and making other interior improvements.

Mr. John Clark of Northome, Minnesota, and son Judge M. A. Clark of Bemidji, are guests of Miss M. J. Clark 558 Cleveland St. They are brother and nephew of Miss Clark.

Mrs. Chas. Hackbath submitted to an operation for appendicitis at the Riverside hospital the past week. The operation was a success and she is getting along nicely.

Herman Binneboese sold his two houses on the South Side the past week to John Myer. Mr. Binneboese has since purchased a house and lot of Mrs. Joseph Landry on the west side.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reinhart returned on Saturday from their trip to Rhinelander in their auto. They were accompanied on their trip by Mr. and Mrs. Chester Gross and Miss Eleanor Slattery.

Mrs. Mary Ramthun and children left this week for Byron, Minn., where they will make their future home. Mrs. Ramthun will leave on Saturday for a visit at Appleton and Chicago before going to Byron.

Judge Park held court in this city Saturday afternoon for the purpose of considering applications for citizenship. About seventy-five were down from Marshfield alone for the purpose of either taking out their papers or else as witnesses for somebody else.

Baled hay and baled straw for sale at Nash Hdq. Co.

Mr. Dooley Descants.

"It was different when I was a young man, Hinnissy. Capital was like a father to labor, givin' it its board an' log's. In them golden days a wurrikhu' man was an honest artysan. That's what he was proud to be called. The week before illness he had his pitcher in th' funny papers. He had his arm around capital—a rosy binviolent ol' guy with a plug hat and eyeglasses. They were goin' to th' polls together to vote for simple ol' capital.

"In return fr' fidelity he got a turkey ivry year. At Christmas time, capital gathered his happy family around him, an' in th' prissince iv th' ladies iv th' neighborhood, give him a short oration. 'Me brave lads,' says he, 'we've had a good year. (Cheers.) I have made a millyun dollars (Sensation). Ye have done so well that we don't need so many. Long an' continuous cheer! Those who can do it possible do four. The other faithful servants,' he says, 'can come back in the spring,' he says, 'if alive,' he says. An' the bold artysans tossed their paper caps in th' air an' give three cheers fr' capital. They wurriked till ol' age crept on him, an' thin retired to live on th' wish bones and kind words they had accumulated."

I Am the Printing Press.

I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel and my limbs of iron, and my fingers are of brass. I sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the symphonies of all the time. I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike. I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the

pulse of nations, and make brave men do brave deeds, and soldiers die. I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak a myriad of people listen to my voice. The Anglo-Saxon the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu all comprehend me.

I am the tireless clarion of the news I cry your joys and your sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge and power. I epitomize the conquest of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My off-spring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lights of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening. I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust I am the printing press.

Try Tribune Want Ads.

A Long Distance Odor.

—Perspiration of the feet or arms often has a bad odor. Barker's Aniseptic will knock it in 15 seconds. For sale by Sam Church, Johnson & Hill Co. and Edw. M. Coyle.

"No Hunting" signs for sale at this office.

The Voters Lament.

The politician is my shepherd; I shall not want for anything during the campaign, he leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake, he filleth my pockets with cigars, my overalls with beer. He inquireth after my family, even unto the third and fourth generations. Yea, though I walk through the mud and rain to vote for him and shout myself hoarse when elected, he straightway forgetteth me. I meet him in his own house and he knoweth me not.

Surely the wool hath been pulled over mine eyes—will somebody please wake me up?

Try Tribune Want Ads.

Sale Begins Saturday, Oct. 3

EXTRA

Special Fall Sale

ON lines of goods you need now (or will very soon) and if you want to have \$1.00 buy from \$1.50 to \$2.00 worth of goods, this is the place to come during this sale which starts Saturday, October 3rd. We do not have sales OFTEN but when we do, there is something doing in the way of CUTTING PRICES as you will notice when you read over this sheet. The matter of cost has not been considered in pricing these articles our MAIN OBJECT, being to SELL THE GOODS and give the customers the benefit of the SAVING. Now it is up to you if you need the goods, DON'T MISS THIS SALE.

Sale Begins Saturday, Oct. 3

1 Lot of Boys' and Young Men's Overcoats from 10 to 16 years of age, about 50 coats, former price \$5.00 to \$10.00, your choice.....	\$3.50
---	--------

Just think of an all wool convertible collar overcoat for this small price, they won't last long and you should hurry in and get what you need.

1 Lot Boys' Knickerbrocker (knee pants suits), double breasted coats, 100 suits to be sold as follows:	
\$6.00, \$7.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00 suits, your choice in this lot for only.....	\$3.50
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 suits, your choice in this lot for only.....	\$1.50
Sizes in this lot from 11 to 16 years, greatest values ever offered.	

Hand made Work Shoes from "Chippewa Falls", during this sale we are going to sell for.....	\$2.00
Men's flannel shirts with soft collars attached, \$1.00 and \$1.50 values, sale price only.....	88c
Men's fleece lined shirts and drawers heavy weight, 50c grade, sale price.....	35c
Men's warm lined mittens a great snap, for only.....	18c
Men's leather choppers mittens, 50c values, for only.....	25c
Boys' and girls' fleece lined mittens, Kid, plain and elastic wrist, astrachan back, a big lot, new goods bought cheap, well worth 25c to 50c, sale price, all sizes.....	15c

Men's PANTS

One lot Men's blue and black Clay worsted pants, splendid values at \$2.50, sale price only (all sizes).....	\$1.75
Good weight in the staple hair line, gray material, a splendid every day pants, \$1.50 grade, sale.....	\$1.10
\$1.25 grade, sale.....	98c

Big assortment—all sizes

Men's Mack'aw Jackets

In mackinaws we have some exceptional values this season, sale price only.....

\$2.50	in brown and gray colors, double breasted, high storm collar, and in the better grades either plain or plaid, norfolk or plain, our prices range from 4.00 up to \$12.50. A large assortment.
--------	---

These we carry in many colors, gray, maroon, white, cardinal, tan etc. and have some splendid values in all wool at \$2.50 and \$3.00 and up to \$5.00 and \$7.50 also, nearly all with large shawl collars.

If you can get fitted in these lots there is a great saving for you these are mostly in brown, gray, blue and mixtures, good weight. Sale price on these while they last as follows:

\$25.00 Suits for.....	\$18.50	\$12.50 and 13.50 Suits for.....	7.50
\$20.00 Suits for.....	13.50	A few left at.....	5.00
\$15.00 Suits for.....	10.00	Do Not Miss This Opportunity	



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KRUGER & WARNER CO.

"THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES"

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Just a word regarding this sale. We do not put any LIMIT as to the TIME. We will continue the sale as long as the goods last. But you should not put off coming until the assortment is broken, be AMONG THE FIRST to get here if possible. Remember sale begins SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 3rd. Store will be open at 7 o'clock in the morning.

Yours Respectfully,

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story
of the Mexican
Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE
Author of
"The Fighting Pool"
"The Fighting Pool"
"The Fighting Pool"
Illustrations by Don J. Levin

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

By the signs the land ahead was full of bandits and ladrones, men to whom human life was nothing and a woman no more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some one on the way, and if the base revolutionists once set eyes on Gracia he would take more than a nod to restrain them.

So, in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and while Gracia slept, the heavily-laden Bud watched the plain from the heights above.

As he watched he dreamed of a land in which this woman was sleeping beside him was the queen. He dreamed of years to come with unbounded happiness throughout all of them. Thoughts of Phil and duty to his father were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness. But for as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which he must guard her. Again there was a world that was all the same to him, an Eden with but one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music for his ears.

When she awoke and found him nodding Gracia insisted upon taking his place. Now that she had been refreshed her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see. The long watching by night and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen. If he did not sleep now he might die in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he made her promise to call him and lay down to rest until dark.

The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his head, but she reassured him with a word and laid his head to rest. The Mexican night was so dark that he understood her silence. In the brief hours during which he had slept the deserted country seemed suddenly to have come to life.

By daylight there had been nothing to suggest the presence of men. But now as the velvet night settled down upon the land it brought out the glimmering specks of a hundred campfires to the east and to the north. But the fires to which Gracia pointed were not safely in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadsden.

"Look," she said, "I did not want to wake you, but the fires have sprung up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Gracia, his head still heavy with sleep. "Have they been there long?"

"No; only a few minutes," she answered. "At sundown I saw these over to the east—they are along the base of that big black mountain—but these flashed up just now; and see, there are more, and more!"

"Some one coming in from the north," said Bud, "they've crossed over the pass and camped at the first water this side."

"Who do you think they are?" asked Gracia in an awed voice. "Insurrectors?"

"Like as not," muttered Bud, gazing from campment to campment. "But whoever they are," he added, "they're no friends of ours. We've got to go around them."

"And if we can't?" suggested Gracia.

"I reckon we'll have to go through them," answered Hooker grimly. "We don't want to get caught here in the morning."

"Right through their camp?" asked Gracia.

"Not the sentries get to sleep," he went on, half to himself. "Then, just before the moon comes up, we'll try to edge around them, and if it comes to a showdown, we'll ride for it! Are you game?"

He turned to read the answer, and she drew herself up proudly.

"Try me!" she challenged, drawing nearer to him in the darkness. And so they stood, side by side, while their hands clasped in promise. Then, as the night grew darker and no new fires appeared, Hooker saddled up his well-fed horses and they picked their way down to the trail.

The first fires were far ahead, but they proceeded at a walk, their horses' feet falling silently upon the sodden ground. Not a word was spoken and they halted often to listen, for others, too, might be abroad. The distant fires were dying now, except a few where men were to feed them.

The braying of burros came in from the state to the right and as the fugitives drew near the first campment they could hear the voices of the night guards as they rode about the horse herd. Then, as they waited impatiently, the watch-fires died down, the guards no longer sang their high falsetto, and even the burros were still.

This was their opportunity. If they were to get through that line of sleeping men it must be done by stealth. Should they be discovered it would mean one man against an army to protect the woman, and the odds, great as they were, must be taken if need be.

It was approaching the hour of midnight, and as the night grew darker and darker, the fugitives gave them the rain and rode ahead at a venture.

At their left the last embers of the

fires revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the herders. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silhouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail.

With ears that pricked and swiveled, and delicate nostrils snuffing the Mexican faint, he plodded along through the grasswood, divining by some instinct his master's need of care. The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up at their die, when suddenly the watchful Copper Bottom jumped and a man rose up from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled, swaying sleepily above his gun, and Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growled impatiently. "I am going to the pass. And as the sentry started stupidly after him, he rode on through the bushes, neither hurrying nor halting until he gained the trail.

"Good luck!" he observed to Gracia, when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never saw you at all."

"No, I flattered myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He thought you were leading a pack-train."

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass."

They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety.

The warning moon came out as they left the wide valley behind them, and then it disappeared again as they rode into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narrow defiles and into mountain spaces, and still they did not mount the summit.

In the east the dawn began to break and they spurred on with a panic. The Mexican passaneros count themselves lucky if they do not take the trail at sundown—that if they should meet some straggling party before they reached the pass?

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a series of cat steps; Gracia's roan came scrambling behind him, and then, just as the bushes were ended, they gained a level spot, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a camp of Mexicans—men, saddles, packs, and rifles, all scattered at their feet.

"Buenos dias!" saluted Bud, as the blinking man rose up from their blankets. "Excuse me, amigos, I am in a hurry!"

"A donde va? A donde va?" called Gracia, and a hand shot up from his blanket. "To the pass, señor," answered Hooker, still politely, but motioning for Gracia to ride on ahead. "Adios!"

"Who is that man?" belatedly the bearded leader, turning furiously upon his followers. "Where is my son-in-law? Stop!"

But it was too late to stop him. Bud laid his hand on the hump of the roan and spurred forward in a dash for cover. They whirled around the point of a hill as the first scattered sentinel jumped up in their path Bud rode him down. The man dropped his gun to escape the fury of the charge and in a mad clatter they tumbled themselves at a rock-side and scrambled to the bench above. The path was rocky, but they pressed forward at a gallop until, as the sun came up, they beheld the summit of the pass.

"We wait!" cried Bud, as he spurred up the last incline.

As he looked over the top he expected to see an army and jerked Copper Bottom back on his haunches. The leader of a long line of horsemen was just coming up the other side—there was no escape—and then back at the frightened girl.

"Keep behind me," he commanded, "and don't shoot. I'm going to hold 'em up!"

He jumped his horse out to one side and landed squarely on the rim of the ridge. Gracia drew her horse in behind him and reached for the pistol in her holster; then both together they drew their guns and Bud threw down on the first man.

"Go on!" he ordered, motioning him forward with his head; "pr-ronto!"

He jerked out his rifle with his left hand and laid it across his lap.

"Hurry up now," he raged, as the startled Mexican halted. "Go on and keep a going, and the first man that makes a break I'll shoot him full of holes!"

He sat like a statue on his shining horse, his six-shooter balanced to shoot, and something in his very presence—the bulk of his body, the forward thrust of his head, and the burning hate of his eyes—quelled the spirits of the rebels. They were a rag-tag army, mounted on horses and donkeys and mules, and with arms of every known make.

It was just such an army as was overrunning all northern Mexico, such an army as had been levying tribute on the land for a century. They spread terror throughout all that great country of the American border.

The very glances of the American made them cringe as they had always cringed before their masters, and his curses turned their blood to water. He towered above them like a giant, pouring forth a torrent of oaths and beckoning them on their way, and the leader was the first to yield.

With hand half-raised and jaw on his breast he struck spurs to his frightened mule and went dashing over the ridge.

The others followed by twos and threes, some shrinking, some protesting, some gazing forth villainously from beneath their broad hats. As they looked back they saw upon them and knew he would kill the first man that dared to turn his head.

After all, they were a generation of slaves, those low-browed, unthinking peons, and war had not made them brave. They passed on, the whole line of bewildered soldiery, looking in American, staring blankly at the beautiful woman who sat so courageously by his side.

When the last had gone by Bud picked up his rifle and watched him around the point. Then he smiled grimly at Gracia, whose eyes were still round with wonder, and led the way down the trail.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The high pass and the insurrectors were behind them now and the rolling plains of Agua Negra were at their feet. To the northeast the smoke-banners of the Gadsden smelters lay like ribbons across the sky, and the line was not far away.

Yet, as they came down from the mountains, Bud and Gracia fell silent and slackened their slashing pace. The time for parting was near, and partings are always sad.

But ten miles across the plain lay Gadsden and Phil—Phil to whom Gracia was promised. There had been no thoughts of him from the time they sat together under the horse-blankets, waiting for the rain to pass until now, when the dangers were virtually over, and but a short time more would place them beyond the reach of either rules or rebels. Bud thought of the duty he owed his partner, even though that partner had played him false.

Great as was his longing for Gracia, he could not forget that duty. Their relationship had been but a thing to forget if he could, or at best he could only remember the sweetness of it, and must forget the dreams he had dreamed as he watched beside Gracia in the hills. He was taking her to Phil, and all else must be sacrificed for duty.

Bud looked far out across the valley where a train puffed in from the south, and the sight of it made him uneasy. He watched still as it lay at the station.

"How!" cried De Lancey ecstatically, "but how I ever thank you enough! You brought her back to me, didn't you, old man? Thank God you're safe, and I'm watching for you with my eyes!"

"I've been ever since I heard you had started! I knew you would do it, partner; you're the best friend a man ever had! But—say, come over here a minute—I want to speak to you."

He led Hooker off to one side, while Gracia watched them with jealous eyes, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"It was awful good of you, Bud," he whispered, "but I'm afraid you've got in bad! The whole town is crazy about it. Old Aragon came up on the first train, and now they've wired that you killed Del Rey. By jove, Bud, wasn't that pulling a little strong? The whole Mexican government is behind him—and Aragon wants you for kidnapping!"

"What's that?" demanded Gracia, as she heard her own name spoken.

Bud looked at Phil, who for once was at a loss for words, and then he answered slowly.

"Your father is down at the station," he said, "looking for you."

"Well, he can't have here," cried Gracia defiantly. "I'm across the line now! I'm free! I can do what I please!"

"But there's the immigration office!" interposed Phil pacifically. "You will have to go there—and your father has claimed you were kidnapped!"

"Ha! Kidnaped!" laughed Gracia, who had suddenly recovered her spirits. "And by whom?"

"Well—by Bud here," answered De Lancey hesitatingly.

Gracia turned as he spoke and stared at him, and after a prolonged stare in the direction of Agua Negra, he relented sharply to the north.

"What is it?" asked Gracia, coming out of her reverie.

"Oh, nothing," answered Bud, slumping down in his saddle. "I see the railroad is open again—they must be somebody out there looking for us."

"You mean—"

"Well, say a bunch of rurales," he turned still farther to the north as he spoke and spurred his jaded horse on. Gracia kept her roan beside him, but he took no notice, except as he scanned the line with his bloodshot eyes.

What he saw with a rough stubble of beard on his face and a sullen set to his jaw. As two horsemen rode out from distant Agua Negra he turned and glanced at Gracia.

"Seems like we been on the run ever since we left Fortuna," he said with a rueful smile. "Are you good for just one more?"

"What is it now?" she inquired, pulling herself together with an effort. "Are those two men coming out to meet us? Do you think they'd stop us?"

"That's about our luck," returned Hooker. "But when we dip out of sight in this swale here we'll turn north and hit for the line."

"All right," she agreed. "My horse is tired, but I'll do whatever you say, Bud."

She tried to catch his eyes at this, but he seemed lost in contemplation of the horsemen.

"Them rurales," he said at last, "and heading straight for us—but we've come to get caught now. Come on!" he added brusquely, and went galloping up the swale.

For two miles they rode up the wash, their heads below the level of the plain, but as Bud emerged at the mouth of the gulch and looked warily over the out bank he suddenly reached for his rifle and measured the distance to the line.

"They was too fexy for me," he muttered, as Gracia looked over at the approaching rurales. "But I can stand 'em off," he added, "so you go ahead."

"No!" she cried, coming out in open rebellion. "Well, I won't leave you—that's all," she declared, as he turned to command her. "Oh, come along, Bud!" She laid an impulsive hand on his arm and he thrust his gun back into the sling with a thud.

"All right!" he said. "Can't stop to talk about it. Go ahead—and stay the hell off of that roan!"

line, but the rurales had foreseen their ruse in dropping into the gulch and had turned at the same time to intercept them. They were pushing their fresh horses to the utmost now across the open prairie, and as the rurales edged and faded in his stride Bud could see that the race was lost.

"Head for that monument!" he called to Gracia, pointing toward one of the international markers as he faced their pursuers. "You'll make it—they won't shoot a woman!"

He reached for his gun as he spoke. "No, no!" she cried. "Don't you stop! If you do I will! Come on!" she entreated, checking her horse to wait for him. "You ride behind me—the rurales can't shoot at us then!"

Bud laughed shortly and wheeled in behind her, returning his gun to its sling.

"All right," he said, "we'll ride it out together then!"

He laid the quirt to the roan. In the whirl of racing bushes a white monument flashed up suddenly before them. The rurales were within pistol-shot, and a whipping flash made his head then another figure came flying along the line, a horseman, waving his hands and motioning. Then, riding side by side, they broke across the boundary with the baffled rurales yelling savagely at their heels.

"Keep a going!" prompted Hooker, as Gracia leaned back to check her horse; "down into the gulch there, then rurales are liable to shoot yet!"

Gracia obeyed, but as Bud leaped down and took Gracia in his arms the roan spread his feet, trembled, and dropped heavily to the ground.

"He'll be all right," soothed Bud, as Gracia still clung to his arm. Then, as he saw her gaze fixed beyond him, he turned and beheld Philip De Lancey.

It was the same Phil, the same man Bud had called partner, and yet when Hooker saw him there he stiffened and his face grew hard.

"Well," he said, slowly detaching Gracia's fingers and putting her hand away.

"As Phil ran forward to greet them he stepped quickly off to one side, of what they said he did not know, for his mind was suddenly a blank; but when Phil rushed over and wrung his hand he came back to earth with a start.

"How!" cried De Lancey ecstatically, "but how I ever thank you enough! You brought her back to me, didn't you, old man? Thank God you're safe, and I'm watching for you with my eyes!"

"I've been ever since I heard you had started! I knew you would do it, partner; you're the best friend a man ever had! But—say, come over here a minute—I want to speak to you."

He led Hooker off to one side, while Gracia watched them with jealous eyes, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"It was awful good of you, Bud," he whispered, "but I'm afraid you've got in bad! The whole town is crazy about it. Old Aragon came up on the first train, and now they've wired that you killed Del Rey. By jove, Bud, wasn't that pulling a little strong? The whole Mexican government is behind him—and Aragon wants you for kidnapping!"

"What's that?" demanded Gracia, as she heard her own name spoken.

Bud looked at Phil, who for once was at a loss for words, and then he answered slowly.

"Your father is down at the station," he said, "looking for you."

"Well, he can't have here," cried Gracia defiantly. "I'm across the line now! I'm free! I can do what I please!"

"But there's the immigration office!" interposed Phil pacifically. "You will have to go there—and your father has claimed you were kidnapped!"

"Ha! Kidnaped!" laughed Gracia, who had suddenly recovered her spirits. "And by whom?"

"Well—by Bud here," answered De Lancey hesitatingly.

Gracia turned as he spoke and stared at him, and after a prolonged stare in the direction of Agua Negra, he relented sharply to the north.

"What is it?" asked Gracia, coming out of her reverie.

"Oh, nothing," answered Bud, slumping down in his saddle. "I see the railroad is open again—they must be somebody out there looking for us."

"You mean—"

"Well, say a bunch of rurales," he turned still farther to the north as he spoke and spurred his jaded horse on. Gracia kept her roan beside him, but he took no notice, except as he scanned the line with his bloodshot eyes.

What he saw with a rough stubble of beard on his face and a sullen set to his jaw. As two horsemen rode out from distant Agua Negra he turned and glanced at Gracia.

"Seems like we been on the run ever since we left Fortuna," he said with a rueful smile. "Are you good for just one more?"

"What is it now?" she inquired, pulling herself together with an effort. "Are those two men coming out to meet us? Do you think they'd stop us?"

"That's about our luck," returned Hooker. "But when we dip out of sight in this swale here we'll turn north and hit for the line."

"All right," she agreed. "My horse is tired, but I'll do whatever you say, Bud."

She tried to catch his eyes at this, but he seemed lost in contemplation of the horsemen.

"Them rurales," he said at last, "and heading straight for us—but we've come to get caught now. Come on!" he added brusquely, and went galloping up the swale.

For two miles they rode up the wash, their heads below the level of the plain, but as Bud emerged at the mouth of the gulch and looked warily over the out bank he suddenly reached for his rifle and measured the distance to the line.

"They was too fexy for me," he muttered, as Gracia looked over at the approaching rurales. "But I can stand 'em off," he added, "so you go ahead."

"No!" she cried, coming out in open rebellion. "Well, I won't leave you—that's all," she declared, as he turned to command her. "Oh, come along, Bud!" She laid an impulsive hand on his arm and he thrust his gun back into the sling with a thud.

"All right!" he said. "Can't stop to talk about it. Go ahead—and stay the hell off of that roan!"

They were less than a mile from the

veyed Hooker with a mocking smile. Then she laughed again.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll fix that. I'll tell them that I kidnaped her!"

"Oh, but seriously!" protested De Lancey. Bud chuckled hoarsely. "You can't cross the line without being passed by the inspectors, and—well, your father is there to get you back."

"But I will not go!" Bud said. Gracia, frowning in his perplexity, "You don't understand, and you make it very strict now—so many low women coming across the line, for—well, the fact is, unless you are married you can't come in at all!"

"But I'm in!" protested Gracia, flushing hotly. "I'm—"

"They'll deport you," said De Lancey, stepping forward to give her support.

"I know it's hard, dear," he went on, as Bud moved hastily away. "But I've got it all arranged. Why should we wait? You came to marry me, didn't you? Well, you must do it now—right away! I've got the license and the priest all waiting—come on before the rurales get back to town, and we can ride around to the north and come in at the other side of town. Then we're—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Gracia, pushing him impulsively aside. "I am not ready now. And—"

She paused and glanced at Bud.

"Mr. Hooker," she began, walking gently toward him, "what will you do now?"

"I don't know," answered Gracia huskily.

"Will you come with us—will you?"

"No," said Bud, shaking his head slowly.

"Then I must say good-by?"

She waited, but he did not answer. "You have been so good to me," she went on, "so brave, and—have I been brave, too?" she broke in pleadingly.

Gracia nodded his head, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "You have heard what Phil has said. I wish now that my mother were here, but—would you mind? Before I go I want to—give you a kiss!"

She reached out her hands impulsively and Hooker started back. "His eyes which had been downcast, blazed suddenly as he gazed at her, and then they flitted to Phil.

"No," he said, and his voice was lifeless and choked.

"You will not?" she asked, after a pause.

"No," he said again, and she shrank away before his glance.

"Then good-by," she murmured, turning away like one in a dream, and Bud heard the crunch of her steps as she went toward the horses with Phil. Then, as the tears welled to his eyes, he heard a resounding slap and a rush of approaching feet.

Now came the voice of Gracia, vibrant with indignation. "I say no!" The spat of her hand rang out again and then, with a piteous sobbing, she came running back to Bud, halting with the stiffness of her long ride.

"I hate you!" she screamed, as Phil came after her. "Oh, I hate you! No, you shall never have the kiss! I give a kiss to you? Ah, you poor, miserable creature!" she cried, wheeling upon him in a sudden fit of passion. "Where were you when I was in danger? Where were you when there was no one to save me? And did you think, then, to steal a kiss when my heart was so sore for Bud? Ah, coward! You are no fit partner! No, I will never marry you—never! Well, go then! And hurry! Oh, how I hate you—to try to steal me from Bud!"

She turned and threw her arms about Hooker's neck and drew his rough face close to her.

"You do love me, don't you, Bud?" she sobbed. "Oh, you are so good—so brave! And now will you take the kiss?"

"Try me!" said Bud.

THE END.

FOR BOARDING SCHOOL

GIRL'S WARDROBE NEEDS MOST CAREFUL SELECTION.

Costly or Inexpensive, the Main Thing is That Articles Provided Are of the Right Kind and Suitable.

How costly or inexpensive the clothes which the young girl will take to boarding school should be must depend somewhat upon the clothes allowance of each individual girl, but even more important is the question of the rules of the school that she is about to attend.

Some schools are very strict as to the simplicity of the pupils' dress, and others are quite liberal, leaving much to the choice of the scholar.

Starting with underclothes you will need one-half dozen pairs of stockings. For everyday wear lisle thread will be more satisfactory than silk, and for dressy wear an extra pair of white and another of black silk may be added.

One-half dozen undershirts, six pairs of drawers, six corset covers, three petticoats, three pairs of shoes, a pair of slippers, a long kimono, two pairs of gloves, two hats, a dark coat suit, a separate top coat, one or two serge dresses, an afternoon dress of silk, an informal dinner dress, and an evening dress of some sheer material, six separate waists.

The question of laundry work is always one that is more or less difficult, and the fact that one is away at school does not solve the difficulty. Therefore, everything that can be done to simplify the work will add much to one's peace of mind later on. All clothes must be plainly marked with one's initials, and if it is possible to have the whole name on each garment it is much better.

This may be done with an indelible pencil on a part of the garment where it will not be seen when it is worn, but where it will be easily seen by the laundry woman when she is sorting out the clothes to return them. In addition to marking the name on stockings each pair should be marked so that they may be easily paired.

The new and well-fitted crepes that are so much used for underclothes should surely be given a place among the schoolgirl's lingerie. These materials are designed to give, wear well, and last, but not least, in their favor, is the fact that when laundered they do not require ironing. That they can be sent from the laundry simply tubbed and dried, necessitates less work, and naturally incurs less expense, which means girls will take into consideration. It is always nice to feel that one may be liberal in changing one's underclothes.

Others are in surplus effects, the crossover pieces being drawn tightly over the bust. High girdles are also in fashion, which are of the same height all around, reaching a point even with the base of the bust. Some of the girdles are drawn in at the front. Another kind has large buttons at the top of the lower edge. Over these fitted girdles the bust would fall loosely if it were not supported by the corset.

There are also low-bust corsets for the slender and compact figures, which will wear garments suitable for them. There are also models designed especially for dancing, which have a shorter skirt in front and elastic insets in the back. The tops of these are low, and there is an elastic band around the top edge from side to side. For the schoolgirl there are low and medium-sized corsets with long corset skirts and front steel fastenings. These corset waists so closely resemble the regular corset that young girls feel quite satisfied with them.

Combination Dresses.

For a girl who has to count pennies there are many combination frocks which are a saving.

Not long ago at a sale of odd lengths of summer fabrics, such an economist picked up a remnant of cotton crepe, a dollar quality being sold at half price. Six yards made her a separate skirt and a bodice and overskirt combined to wear with the skirt like coat, being separate, the dress laundered well, besides she saved a yard or so of fabric. Four yards of this was enough to make another separate belted-tunic for wear over the same crepe skirt.

The Latest Lingerie.

On a negligee recently seen composed of white chiffon was stenciled pink roses with green leaves. It was trimmed down the front with cascades of shadow lace, the lace continuing around the negligee heading a cut flower. It was closed with two sets of three black velvet bows. Not formed the most unusual note in this charming negligee was the way in which the sleeves were fashioned. The upper part was in one with the kimono-like negligee, but the lower part of the sleeve was joined to the upper part with a chiffon-covered cord.

Black Satin and Plaid Serge.

One-half dozen undershirts, six pairs

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE EUROPEAN WAR?

No one man did it. No one nation is to blame. For years they have all been arming up according to their necessities. England's long coast line has made her navy a necessary thing. Germany has developed a tremendous fighting machine on land to be ready for her sworn enemies there, and was rapidly building up a navy to compete with the strongest on the sea. Germany's merchant marine was getting in last on England's commercial supremacy. This fact was causing endless jealousy on the British side. The murder of the Arch Duke of Austria was only the spark that started the fuse that ran to the cannon cracker. If the cracker had not been there it would not have exploded. Over there, I heard nothing but blame for Germany and the Kaiser. The cause of the whole conflagration was laid at the Kaiser's door. I was not surprised to hear it there, but I was surprised on reaching America to find that our newspapers were copying London censored dispatches as the whole story. When we remember that cables between Germany and the United States were cut early in the game so that all news at first had to go thru London and Paris it is not to be wondered at that a one-sided view of the situation went into the American press. It is not necessary for me to review the formation of the two triple war camps of Europe with their competitive building of armaments and drilling of armies. You all know about it. In these war preparations Germany took the lead, but a glance at the map will reveal her need. Hostile nations on the east and southwest and a hostile fleet patrolling the North Sea made it necessary for Germany to act quickly when the time came, and she certainly was ready. Had she not drilled for it and prepared for it very carefully she would now be coked up in her own country to be followed in and beaten or starved into submission. As it was she smashed her way out thru the "neck of the bottle" as soon as Russia began mobilizing and before a large army could be collected to oppose her. She expected to force her way quickly down to Paris and then suggest peace, but the unexpected defense at Lieke caused delay and now the Lord only knows how long the war will continue. Germany wanted and expected a short war when she started. Her diplomats thought they had England neutral, and that Germany could at least pay toll across Belgium, so she opened up before the others could "peel their coats." But diplomacy failed, Germany found herself facing big odds after there was no way out. Even Italy, a part of her friendly alliance of powers, refused to help. One fact every one should understand, and that is that this war is commercial. It is dollars! England does not want peace now until the German fleet is demolished or captured. I heard that on every hand in London and Liverpool. Germany has been beating out the "Mistress of the Seas" in the trading game and it hurts. The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American ships have been competing successfully with the International Mercantile Marine, and it hurts. In order to protect her merchant marine, Germany has built war ships rapidly and expensively and that too hurts. "Britannia Rules the Wave" is a popular piece of music and it must not be allowed to back number itself. I am not discussing the Russo, Italian, Japo, Servian, Austro, Turkic part in the mess. It is all too big. France is now on the defensive, and our sympathies naturally go to her ruined homes, but France is not without sin. In Paris four years ago I saw the statue in mourning for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and heard Frenchmen tell how an innocent younger German generation must be punished for what an older generation had done to their fathers. A deep seated desire for revenge has kept up the war spirit for forty-four long years, and both Germany and France have slept with finger on the trigger, each ready to jump into the trenches at the first sign of trouble. Germany pulled the trigger first. She may have been hasty, but all Europe was ready to jump, and each was watching for the right time and the right place to strike. I am not saying that Germany or any other nation is right. They are all wrong. Our twentieth century Christian civilization should have developed better conditions than these, but it has not done so, and we must not scape-goat the responsibility for it off on any one nation. Over here we are patting ourselves on the back and handing ourselves bouquets because we are leaders in peace, but it must be remembered that our armament requirements are not what they are in Europe. Two big oceans and boundless internal resources are "great forces that lead to righteousness." If we were pluggled in between two hostile nations, we would certainly arm up. Even as it is, we are right now asking for more and better war equipment so as to be "ready for emergencies." See? We should not take sides too violently in this awful smash. People are sensitive when "Fatherland" or "Mother-Country" is made to bear more than her just share of blame. My sympathies are with the hundreds of millions of people of those countries who have had no voice in all these war preparations or with the war declarations. My sympathies are also with unborn babies who will bear the burdens of taxation to pay the bills during many long dreary years to come. The thoughts of desolate homes and orphaned children ought to stir our hearts to sympathy for every nation at war, and we should be able to judge impartially and without prejudice the people themselves while we condemn the system that has seemed to make armaments necessary and war inevitable.—The Marshfield Herald

A Story for all Thinking Men and Women

Time Feathers

A Novelization of Eugene Walter's Famous Drama by Webster Denison

PRETTY, young wife wants fine clothes and a luxurious living; her husband cannot afford to give them to her honestly. He finally satisfies her desires at the cost of his honor and in the end he pays the price. You've seen this situation yourself many times probably. A big, gripping, realistic story that handles the theme without gloves—a startling picture of the extent to which the lust for wealth—the get-rich-quick idea—spreads its poison through the whole structure of character.

Our Next Serial

You'll Find It Well Worth Reading!

Chas. Fritz is visiting with his daughter at Watertown for a week. Louis Schall sold his Ford touring car on Saturday to Mr. Rozell of Hancock. C. A. Ludwig of Pittsview was a business visitor in the city on Saturday. Baled hay and baled straw for sale at Nash Edw. Co. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dudley visited with relatives at Merrill on Sunday. Albert Kluge has been confined to his home the past week with sickness. Mr. and Mrs. August Sutor of Marshfield were visitors in the city on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ragan were visitors in Milwaukee on Saturday and Sunday. George F. Krieger left on Friday for Chicago to be gone several days on business. Miss Augusta Duchrow was a guest of Mrs. Harry Stratton at Wautoma the past week. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Rossier moved into their new bungalow in the Lyon Park Addition on Saturday. Mrs. L. J. Cole of Rhinelander was in the city on Friday and Saturday visiting with old time friends. Herman Beell of Marshfield spent Saturday and Sunday in the city visiting at the J. A. Lutz home. George Ward, of Green Bay was in the city on Monday to attend the funeral of his friend, E. C. Keetchum. Miss Beth Lamberton has accepted the position of stenographer at the office of Attorney Geo. L. Williams. Mrs. O. R. Moore returned from Merrill on Friday, having been called there by the sickness of a relative. Will Burt left Sunday for Escanaba, Mich., where he will spend a week playing with the band in that city. Mrs. F. O. Ray and Miss Lois Evelyn of Marshfield spent Sunday in the city the guests of Mrs. George DeLap. Dean Brandage spent Sunday in Stevens Point visiting his sister, Miss Dorothy, who is attending normal school there. Louis Fournier returned last week from a trip to Canada, where he had been visiting with relatives for several weeks. John Dorney of Washington, D. C. left for home last week after visiting his parents and other relatives in this city for a week. Chester Severance and sister, Myrtle departed on Monday for a two weeks visit with relatives and friends in Benidji, Minn. Fred Smith, of Milwaukee who has been a guest of his brothers, Chas. and J. D. for a week returned to his home on Monday. Walter Griffin of Warrens was operated on at the Riverview hospital on Sunday for the removal of an abscess on the lung. Mr. and Mrs. L. Leroux of Port Edwards were in the city on Monday evening to attend the play 45 Minutes From Broadway. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Coyle returned on Saturday from LaFarge where they had been visiting with friends and relatives for a week. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cloutier and Mrs. Bert Smith visited with friends in Milwaukee several days last week. Lloyd Lemley, who had been visiting with friends and relatives in this city for a week, returned to his home at Batavia, Ill., on Wednesday. Messrs Albert Glumister, Chas. Eberhardt and R. Muehlstein accompanied by their families drove to Marshfield on Sunday in their autos. Prof. M. H. Jackson of the Wood County Normal will deliver a lecture at Stevens Point next Friday evening on the subject "Peace and War in Europe." The Carey Concrete Co. shipped the last car load of poured concrete blocks last week for a 34x50 potato warehouse which is being built at Westboro by the Farmers' Co-Operative association. R. J. Walsh of Adams county arrived in the city on Friday expecting to spend about a week in this vicinity. Mr. Walsh reports that everything in the agricultural line looks good in Adams county this year and that the farmers are feeling quite prosperous. Wm. Jantz of Sherry was in the city on Monday looking after some business matters and while here favored the Tribune office with a pleasant call. Mr. Jantz expects to hold an auction sale at his place in the near future, and after selling out intends to go into the automobile business. Misses Ella Hasbrouck, Ines Reichel and Helen Taylor returned during the past week from their European trip. Misses Reichel and Hasbrouck returning on Saturday and Miss Taylor on Sunday. They report a very enjoyable and instructive trip and are well pleased with their outing. Miss Hanna Hanson was taken to Riverview Hospital on Monday to undergo an operation for appendicitis. At last reports she was getting along nicely. O. S. Hanson, father of Miss Hanson, Theodore Hanson and Christ Nelson of Strong's Prairie drove up on Monday, having been called here by the young lady's illness. Erwin Smith, captain of the high school football team, had the misfortune to break his collar bone during a practice game one evening last week. Since the accident he has been compelled to carry his arm in a sling, but has been getting along all right and it is expected that it will not be long before he will be able to use the arm again. Mrs. E. C. Wilke of the town of Rudolph was among the business callers at the Tribune office on Saturday. Mrs. Wilke reports that they were digging their potatoes out her way and that the crop was turning out pretty good notwithstanding that the season has not been considered a very good one. She also reports that the light frosts of last week had not hurt things to any extent. The Children's Friend. Barker's Remedy for coughs, colds and sore throat is the best medicine for the home. For sale by Sam Church, Johnson & Hill Co. and Edw. M. Coyle. Legal blanks for sale at this office.

Joe Zabawa, who is employed near Janesville in charge of one of the Warner dredges arrived in the city on Saturday to visit several days with his family. Claus Johnson is engaged in improving his home on First Ave. South by putting a basement under the house and making other interior improvements. Mr. John Clark of Northome, Minnesota, and son Judge M. A. Clark of Benidji, are guests of Miss M. J. Clark 553 Cleveland St. They are brother and nephew of Miss Clark. Mrs. Chas. Hackbarth submitted to an operation for appendicitis at the Riverview hospital the past week. The operation was a success and she is getting along nicely. Herman Binneboese sold his two houses on the South Side the past week to John Myer. Mr. Binneboese has since purchased a house and lot of Mrs. Joseph Landry on the west side. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reinhardt returned on Saturday from their trip to Rhinelander in their auto. They were accompanied on their trip by Mr. and Mrs. Chester Gross and Miss Eleanor Slattery. Mrs. Mary Ramthun and children left this week for Byron, Minn., where they will make their future home. Mrs. Ramthun will leave on Saturday for a visit at Appleton and Chicago before going to Byron. Judge Park held court in this city Saturday afternoon for the purpose of considering applications for citizenship. About seventy-five were down from Marshfield alone for the purpose of either taking out their papers or else as witnesses for somebody else. Baled hay and baled straw for sale at Nash Edw. Co.

Mr. Dooley Sent. "It was different when I was a young man, Hinlissay. Capital was like a father to labor, givin' it its board an' loggin's. In them golden days a wurritin' man was an honest artysan. That's what he was proud to be called. The week before illiction he had his pitcher in th' funny papers. He had his ar'rm ar'round capital—a rosy binivulent ol' guy with a plug hat and eyeglasses. They were goin' to th' polls together to vote for simple ol' capital. "In return f'r fidelity he got a turkey ivry year. At Christmas time, capital gathered his happy fam'ly around him, an' in th' primsie iv th' ladies iv th' neighborhood, give him a short oration. 'Me brave lads,' says he, 'we've had a good year. (Cheers.) I have made a millyun dollars (Sensation). Ye have done so well that we don't need so many. (Long an' continuous cheerin') Those who can do two min's wurruk will remain an' it possible do four. The other faithful sarvints,' he says, 'can come back in the spring,' he says, 'if alive,' he says. An' th' bold artysans tossed their paper caps in th' air an' give three cheers f'r capital. They wurruked till ol' age crept on thim, an' thim retired to live on th' wish bones and kind words they had accumulated. I Am the Printing Press. I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel and my limbs of iron, and my fingers are of brass. I sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the esymphonies of all the time. I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike. I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do brave deeds, and soldiers die in the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond seeking the consolation of a hope eternal. When I speak a myriad of people listen to my voice. The Anglo-Saxon the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu all comprehend me. I am the tireless clarion of the news I cry your joys and your sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge and power. I epitomize the conquest of mind over matter. I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My off-spring is the printing press. The Voters Lament. The politician is my shepherd; I shall not want for anything during the campaign, he leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake, he filleteth my pockets with cigars, etc.; dear runneth over. He inquireth after my family, even unto the third and fourth generations. Yea, though I walk through the mud and rain to vote for him and shout myself hoarse when elected, he straightway forgetteth me. I meet him in his own house and he knoweth me not. Surely the wool hath been pulled over mine eyes—will somebody please wake me up? Try Tribune Want Ads.

The Winner!

"The true coin of accomplishment bears the mint marks of grit and honest labor. The cup-winning thoroughbred had to pass through the same training as every other yearling in the paddock. Otherwise he would have been too erratic to run a good race."

Herbert Kaufman.

Your Bank Account will grow only by patient, persevering—persistent saving.

The Citizens National Bank

Capital and Surplus \$110,000.00

Sale Begins Saturday, Oct. 3

EXTRA

Sale Begins Saturday, Oct. 3

Special Fall Sale

ON lines of goods you need now (or will very soon) and if you want to have \$1.00 buy from \$1.50 to \$2.00 worth of goods, this is the place to come during this sale which starts Saturday, October 3rd. We do not have sales OFTEN but when we do, there is something doing in the way of CUTTING PRICES as you will notice when you read over this sheet. The matter of cost has not been considered in pricing these articles our MAIN OBJECT, being to SELL THE GOODS and give the customers the benefit of the SAVING. Now it is up to you if you need the goods, DON'T MISS THIS SALE.

Here is a chance to buy overcoats at one-half price, we have about 50 coats left over from last season which are in good condition, fancy and plain colors, convertible, shawl collars and a few velvet collars, sizes from 35 to 48.

\$25.00 Coats for.....	\$12.50	\$15.00 Coats for.....	\$7.50
\$20.00 Coats for.....	\$10.00	\$13.50 Coats for.....	\$6.75
\$18.00 Coats for.....	\$9.00	\$10.00 Coats for.....	\$5.00

1 Lot of Boys' and Young Men's Overcoats from 10 to 16 years of age, about 50 coats, former price \$5.00 to \$10.00, your choice..... \$3.50

Just think of an all wool convertible collar overcoat for this small price, they won't last long and you should hurry in and get what you need.

1 Lot Boys' Knickerbrocker (knee pants suits), double breasted coats, 100 suits to be sold as follows:

\$6.00, \$7.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00 suits, your choice in this lot for only.....	\$3.50
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 suits, your choice in this lot for only.....	\$1.50

Sizes in this lot from 11 to 16 years, greatest values ever offered.

Hand made Work Shoes from "Chippewa Falls", during this sale we are going to sell for..... \$2.00

Men's flannel shirts with soft collars attached,, \$1.00 and \$1.50 values, sale price only..... 88c

Men's fleece lined shirts and drawers heavy weight, 50c grade, sale price..... 35c

Men's warm lined mittens 18c a great for only..... 18c snap.

Men's leather choppers mittens, 50c values, for only..... 25c

Boys' and girls' fleece lined mittens, Kid, plain and elastic wrist, astrachan back, a big lot, new goods bought cheap, well worth 25c to 50c, sale price, all sizes..... 15c

Another lot boys' and girls' gauntlet gloves, all sizes, 4 to 16 years, leather, fleeced lined, and Jersey, splendid value, at from 25c to 50c, sale price only..... 18c

1 Lot Men's single wool vests, about 100 in lot, your choice for (all sizes)..... 35c

Men's heavy cotton sweater Jackets, plain and shawl collars, for only..... 38c and up

Boys' 2 piece fleece lined underwear, value up to 50c, sale price only..... 25c

Boys' fleece lined union suits, 50c values, for only..... 38c

Boys' fleece lined union suits, \$1.00 values, for only..... 50c

One lot Men's blue and black Clay worsted pants, splendid values at \$2.50, sale price only (all sizes)..... \$1.75

Good weight in the staple hair line, gray material, a splendid every day pants, \$1.50 grade, sale..... \$1.10

\$1.25 grade, sale..... 98c

Big assortment—all sizes

In mackinaws we have some exceptional values this season, sale price only..... \$2.50

in brown and gray colors, double breasted, high storm collar, and in the better grades either plain or plaid, norfolk or plain, our prices range from 4.00 up to \$12.50. A large assortment.

These we carry in many colors, gray, maroon, white, cardinal, tan etc. and have some splendid values in all wool at \$2.50 and \$3.00 and up to \$5.00 and \$7.50 also, nearly all with large shawl collars.

If you can get fitted in these lots there is a great saving for you these are mostly in brown, gray, blue and mixtures, good weight. Sale price on these while they last as follows:

\$25.00 Suits for.....	\$18.50	\$12.50 and 13.50 Suits for.....	7.50
\$20.00 Suits for.....	13.50	A few left at.....	5.00
\$15.00 Suits for.....	10.00		

Do Not Miss This Opportunity

Just a word regarding this sale. We do not put any LIMIT as to the TIME. We will continue the sale as long as the goods last. But you should not put off coming until the assortment is broken, be AMONG THE FIRST to get here if possible. Remember sale begins SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 3rd. Store will be open at 7 o'clock in the morning.

Yours Respectfully,

KRUGER & WARNER CO.

"THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES"

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story
of the Mexican
Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE
Author of
"The Fighting Fool"
"The Water"
"The Treason," Etc.
Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey)

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

By the signs the road ahead was full of bandits and adventures, men to whom human life was nothing and a woman no more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some one on the way, and if the base revolutionists once set eyes on Gracia they would take more than a nod to restrain them.

So, in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and while Gracia slept, the heavy-headed Bud watched the plain from the heights above.

As he watched he dreamed of a home in which this woman now sleeping beside him was the queen, and dreamed of years to come when undreamed of happiness throughout all of them. Thoughts of Phil and duty to his partner were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness. As far as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which they were fleeing, and from both of which he must guard her. Again they were in a world that was all their own, an Eden with but one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music far away.

When she awoke and found him nodding Gracia insisted upon taking his place. Now that she had been refreshed her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see. The long watching by night and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen, with lids that drooped in spite of him. If he did not sleep now, he might doze in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he made her promise to call him and lay down to rest until dark.

The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his hair, but she reassured him with a word and led him up the hill to their lookout. It was then that he understood her silence. In the brief hours during which he had slept the deserted country seemed suddenly to have come to life.

By daylight there had been nothing to suggest the presence of men. But now as the velvet night settled down upon the land it brought out the glimmering specks of a hundred campfires to the east and to the north. But the fires to which Gracia pointed were set fairly in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadson.

"Look!" she said. "I did not want to wake you, but the fires have sprung up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Hooker, his head still heavy with sleep. "Have they been there long?"

"No; only a few minutes," she answered. "At sundown I saw those over the east—they are along the base of that big black mountain—but those flashed up just now; and see, there are more, and more!"

"Some outfit coming in from the north," said Bud. "They've crossed over the pass and camped at the first water this side."

"Who do you think they are?" asked Gracia in an awed voice. "Insurrectionists?"

"Like as not," muttered Bud, gazing from encampment to encampment. "But whoever they are," he added, "they're no friends of ours. We've got to go around them."

"And if we can't?" suggested Gracia.

"I reckon we'll have to go through them," answered Hooker grimly. "We don't want to get caught here in the morning."

"Ride right through their camp?"

"Let the sentries get to sleep," he went on, half to himself. "Then, just before the moon comes up, we'll try to edge around them, and if it comes to a showdown, we'll ride for it! Are you game?"

He turned to read the answer, and she drew herself up proudly.

With hand half-raised and jaw on his breast he struck spurs to his frightened mule and went dashing over the ridge.

The others followed by twos and threes, some shrinking, some protesting, some gazing forth villainously from beneath their broad hats. As they looked back he whirled upon them and swore he would kill the first man that dared to turn his head.

After all, they were a generation of slaves, those low-browed, unthinking peons, and war had not made them brave. They passed on, the whole line of bewildered soldiery, looking in vain for the men that were behind the American, staring blankly at the beautiful woman who sat so courageously by his side.

When the last had gone by Bud picked up his rifle and watched him around a point. Then he smiled grimly at Gracia, whose eyes were still round with wonder, and led the way down the trail.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The high pass and the insurgents were behind them now and the rolling plains of Agua Negra were at their feet. To the northeast the smoke banners of the Gadson smelters lay like ribbons across the sky, and the line was not far away.

Yet, as they came down from the mountains, Bud and Gracia fell silent and slackened their slashing pace. The time for parting was near, and partings are always sad.

But ten miles across the plain lay Gadson and Phil—Phil to whom Gracia was promised. There had been no thoughts of him from the time they sat together under the horse-blankets waiting for the rain to pass until now that the dangers were virtually over, and but a short time more would place them beyond the reach of either rules or rebels. Bud thought of the duty he owed his partner, even though that partner had played him false. Great as was his longing for Gracia, he could not forget that duty. Their companionship had been but a thing to forget if he could, or at best he could only remember the sweetness of it, and must forget the dreams he had dreamed as he watched beside Gracia in the hills. He was taking her to Phil, and all else must be sacrificed for duty.

Bud looked far out across the valley to where a train pulled in from the south, and the sight of it made him uneasy. He watched still as it lay at the station and, after a prolonged stare in the direction of Agua Negra, he reined sharply to the north.

"What is it?" asked Gracia, coming out of her reverie.

"Oh, nothing," answered Bud, slumping down in his saddle. "I see the railroad is open again—they might be somebody up there looking for us."

"You mean—"

"Well, say a bunch of rufians." He turned still farther to the north as he spoke and spurred his jaded horse on. Gracia kept her head beside him, but he took no notice, except as he scanned the line with his bloodshot eyes. He was a hard-looking man now, with a rough stubble of beard on his face and a sullen set to his jaw. As two horsemen rode out from distant Agua Negra he turned and glanced at Gracia.

"Seems like we been on the run ever since we left Fortuna," he said with a rueful smile. "Are you good for just one more?"

"What is it now?" she inquired pulling herself together with an effort. "Are those two men coming out to meet us? Do you think they'd stop us?"

"That's about our luck," returned Hooker. "But when we dip out of sight in this swale here we'll turn north and hit for the line."

"All right," she agreed. "My horse is tired, but I'll do whatever you say, Bud."

She tried to catch his eyes at this, but he seemed lost in contemplation of the horizon.

"Here's the rufians," he said at last, "and heading straight for us—but we're come too far to get caught now. Come on!" he added brusquely, and went galloping up the swale.

For two miles they rode up the wash, their heads below the level of the plain, but as Bud emerged at the mouth of the gulch and looked warily over the cut bank he suddenly reached for his rifle and measured the distance to the line.

"They was too fixy for me," he muttered, as Gracia looked over at the approaching rufians. "But I can stand 'em off," he added, "so you go ahead."

"No!" she cried, coming out in open rebellion. "Well, I won't leave you—that's all!" she declared, as he turned to command her. "Oh, come along, Bud!"

She laid an impulsive hand on his arm and he thrust his gun back into the sling with a thud.

"All right!" he said. "Can't stop to talk about it. Go ahead—and flay the hide off of that rufian!"

line, but the rurales had foreseen their ruse in dropping into the gulch and had turned at the same time to intercept them. They were pushing their fresh horses to the utmost now across the open prairie, and as the rufians lagged and faltered in his stride Bud could see that the race was lost.

"Head for that monument!" he called to Gracia, pointing toward one of the international markers as he faced their pursuers. "You'll make it—they won't shoot a woman!"

He reached for his gun as he spoke. "No, no!" she cried. "Don't you stop! If you do I will! Come on!" she entreated, checking her horse to wait for him. "You ride behind me—they won't dare shoot at us then!"

Bud laughed shortly and wheeled in behind her, returning his gun to its sling.

"All right," he said, "we'll ride it out together then!"

He laid the quirt to the roan. In the whirl of racing bushes a white monument flashed up suddenly before them. The rurales were within pistol-shot and whipping like mad to head them. Another figure came flying along the line, a horseman, waving his hands and motioning. Then, riding side by side, they broke across the boundary with the baffled rurales yelling savagely at their heels.

"Keep a going!" prompted Hooker, as Gracia leaned back to check her horse; "down into the gulch there—they rurales are liable to shoot yet!"

The final dash brought them to cover, but as Bud leaped down and took Gracia in his arms the roan spread his feet, trembled, and dropped heavily to the ground.

"He'll be all right," soothed Bud, as Gracia still clung to his arm. Then, as he saw her gaze fixed beyond him, he turned and beheld Philip De Lancey.

It was the same Phil, the same man Bud had called partner, and yet when Hooker saw him there he stiffened and his face grew hard.

"Well?" he said, slowly detaching Gracia's fingers and putting her hand away.

As Phil ran forward to greet them he stepped sullenly off to one side. What they said he did not know, for his mind was suddenly a blank; but when Phil rushed over and wrung his hand he came back to earth with a start.

"Bud!" cried De Lancey ecstatically, "how can I ever thank you enough! You brought her back to me, didn't you, old man? Thank God you're safe—I've been waiting for you with glasses ever since I heard you had started! I knew you would do it, partner; you're the best friend a man ever had! But—say, come over here a minute—I want to speak to you."

He led Hooker off to one side, while Gracia watched them with jealous eyes, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"It was awful good of you, Bud," he whispered, "but I'm afraid you've got in bad! The whole town is crazy about it. Old Aragon came up on the first train, and now they've wired that you killed Del Rey. By jove, Bud, wasn't that putting it a little strong? Captain of the rurales, you know—the whole Mexican government is behind him—and Aragon wants you for kidnapping!"

"What's that?" demanded Gracia, as she heard her own name spoken.

Bud looked at Phil, who for once was at a loss for words, and then he answered slowly.

"Your father is down at the station," he said, "looking for you."

"Well, he can't have," cried Gracia defiantly. "I'm across the line now! I'm free! I can do what I please!"

"But there's the immigration office," interposed Phil pacifically. "You will have to go there—and your father has claimed you were kidnapped!"

"Ha! Kidnaped!" laughed Gracia, who had suddenly recovered her spirits. "And by whom?"

"Well—by Bud here," answered De Lancey hesitatingly.

veyed Hooker with a mocking smile. Then she laughed again.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll fix that. I'll tell them that I kidnapped him!"

"No, but seriously!" protested De Lancey, as Bud chuckled hoarsely. "You can't cross the line without being passed by the inspectors, and—well, your father is there to get you back."

"But I will not go!" flung back Gracia.

"Oh, my dear girl!" cried De Lancey, frowning in his perplexity. "You don't understand, and you make it awful hard for me. You know they're very strict now—so many low women coming across the line, for—well, the fact is, unless you are married you can't come in at all!"

"But I'm in!" protested Gracia flushing hotly. "I'm—"

"They'll deport you," said De Lancey, stepping forward to give her support.

"I know it's hard, dear," he went on, as Bud moved hastily away, "but I've got it all arranged. Why should we wait? You came to marry me, didn't you? Well, you must do it now—right away! I've got the license and the priest all waiting—come on before the rurales get back to town and report that you've crossed the line. We can ride around to the north and come in at the other side of town. Then we—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Gracia, pushing him impulsively aside. "I am not ready now. And—"

She paused and glanced at Bud.

"Mr. Hooker," she began, walking gently toward him, "what will you do now?"

"I don't know," answered Hooker huskily.

"Will you come with us—will you?"

"No," said Bud, shaking his head slowly.

"Then I must say good-by."

She waited, but he did not answer. "You have been so good to me," she went on, "so brave, and—have I been brave, too?" she broke in pleadingly.

Hooker nodded his head, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "You have heard what Phil has said. I wish now that my mother were here, but—would you mind? Before I go I want to—give you a kiss!"

She reached out her hands impulsively and Hooker started back. His eyes, which had been downcast, blazed suddenly as he gazed at her, and then they flitted to Phil.

"No," he said, and his voice was lifeless and choked.

"You will not?" she asked, after a pause.

"No!" he said again, and she shrank away before his glance.

FOR BOARDING SCHOOL

GIRL'S WARDROBE NEEDS MOST CAREFUL SELECTION.

Costly or Inexpensive, the Main Thing is That Articles Provided Are of the Right Kind and Suitable.

How costly or inexpensive the clothes which the young girl will take to boarding school should be must depend somewhat upon the clothes allowance of each individual girl, but even more important is the question of the rules of the school that she is about to attend. Some schools are very strict as to the simplicity of the pupils' dress, and others are quite liberal, leaving much to the choice of the scholar.

Starting with underclothes, which will need one-half dozen pairs of stockings. For every day wear there will be more satisfactory than silk, and for dressy wear an extra pair of white and another of black silk and er of black silk may be added.

One-half dozen undershirts, six pairs of drawers, six corset covers, three petticoats, three pairs of shoes, a pair of slippers, a long kimono, two pairs of gloves, two hats, a dark coat suit, a separate top coat, one or two serge dresses, an afternoon dress of silk, an informal dinner dress, and an evening dress of some sheer material, six separate waists.

The question of laundry work is always one that is more or less difficult, and the fact that one is away at school does not solve the difficulty. Therefore, everything that can be done to simplify the work will add much to one's peace of mind later on. All clothes must be plainly marked with one's initials, and if it is possible to have the whole name on each garment it is much better.

This may be done with an indelible pencil on a part of the garment where it will not be seen when it is worn, but where it will be easily seen by the laundress when she is sorting out the clothes to return them. In addition to marking the name on stockings each pair should be marked so that they may be easily paired.

The new and well-liked crepes that are so much used for underclothes should be given a place among the schoolgirl's lingerie. These materials are inexpensive, wear well, and last, but not least in their favor, is the fact that when laundered they do not require ironing. That they can be sent from the laundry simply tubbed and dried, necessitates much less work, and naturally incurs less expense, which most girls will take into consideration. It is always nice to feel that one may be liberal in changing one's underclothes.

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and if the cost of laundering can be reduced by having materials that do not require ironing then one may indulge in the luxury of frequent changes.

SMARTNESS IN PARIS STYLES

Two Fascinating Dresses Intended for Evening Wear Have Undeniable Qualities of Chic.

From Paris one learns of an evening dress, a delicate mixture of rose-colored soufflé de sole and tulle beaded with brown, with which was mingled brown chamois lace. The corsage, in brown soufflé de tulle, was completed with breillees consisting of large cabochons of brown glass, and a gold ribbon showed at the décolleté.

From the tunic of very novel shapely hanging garlands of brown beads, while the same beads were rolled around the tulle to form little winged sleeves.

Another toilette, quite up to date in its mixture of styles, and also easy to wear, was of apricot tulle, draped in the manner we see in engravings of the eighteenth century. The corsage was a kind of wide flitch of gauze striped with gold and silver, which was taken round and crossed at the back below the hips. A corset of silver threw its transparency like a broad band around the waist.

With this toilette the 1878 high collar was worn, and in it was a knot of black velvet. Above the elbow, at the wrist, and at the neck, was repeated the same black velvet knot. Nothing could be more entirely feminine than these little details, which are alone sufficient to indicate the refinement of the wearer.

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FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pain right down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Pettit's Eye Salve

WAR HITS MISSIONARY WORK

Church Boards in America Hear of Demoralization in Europe and Far East.

Rev. Dr. S. Karl Taylor, secretary of the board of foreign missions of the Methodist Episcopal church, said that more than 250 Protestant clergymen have gone to the front with the French armies, and that practically all of the German Methodist ministers engaged in religious and missionary work in south Germany are with the German forces. The Methodist Theological school at Frankfurt, Dr. Taylor said, had been closed, as nearly all of the students were called to the colors.

Bishop Nelson in charge of the board's affairs in Europe, reports that churches are distributed and families and congregations broken up," Dr. Taylor said. "Rev. Ernest W. Byssens, superintendent of the church in France, sailed from New York on the Minnehaha, hoping to reach parishes in northeastern France which are said to be in great distress."

Fear was expressed by officials of the board here that if Turkey goes to war missionary workers in Tunis and Algeria will be in great peril.

Missionaries in India and eastern Asia, it is said, are facing serious problems growing out of financial and trade disorders.

When orders for the mobilization of Turkish troops were posted at Beirut, the inhabitants fled to the mountains by thousands to escape military service, according to a letter received at the offices of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions at New York from Dr. F. E. Hopkins, a missionary worker. Every bank in the city, he said, was closed, and business was demoralized.

The Kaiser's Regimen

The present German emperor has been on the throne twenty-six years and a little more than two months. It will be remembered the Kaiser's twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated with great rejoicing throughout Germany on June 15 of last year.

SICK DOCTOR

The food experience of a physician on his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way, is valuable:

"An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover."

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for two weeks this was almost my only food. It tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength."

"Grape-Nuts is of great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods."

"I am convinced that were Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians, it would save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"The most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts and cream 10 days proves, 'There's a Reason.'"

Look in pkgs. for the Little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letters, a new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.</

